

THE DEATH-KNELL OF AUTOCRACY

THIS lagging wintry spring-time, so typical of the weary and sorrowful course of the war, bids fair to become glorious summer by the occurrence of two events of incalculable political importance—the adoption by Russia of the cause of democracy and by the United States of the cause of the Entente. Every new day of sacrifice adds to the value of the object we seek, and we long the more for its complete attainment. Therefore we welcome with all our hearts whatever brings that object nearer and makes it more secure. Against our gains on the Western Front and in Asia must be set our continued failure to meet the submarine campaign effectually, but there is no offset to the advantages, actual and prospective, flowing from the destruction of the Russian bureaucracy and the support of the United States. It is still too early to discuss the former event with profit. There is much yet obscure about the genesis of the revolution and much uncertain about its final issue, but there can be no question of the advantage of getting rid of a treacherous Prussianized bureaucracy from the conduct of affairs, and still less of the removal from the shoulders of our great Ally of those evil traditions of monstrous injustice, cruel misgovernment, blind persecution, and watchful aggression so long associated with the Russian autocracy. The relief has been immense, not only amongst the members of the Entente, but amongst the small Northern neutrals who, with the fate of Poland and Finland before their eyes, had only too much reason to distrust and fear their mighty neighbour.

We can speak with more certainty about the process and the result of America's entry into the war. For over two and a half years she has held aloof, the enemy of neither side, keenly critical of their various pleas and pretensions, boldly condemning what seemed to her violations of international law, piteously compassionating and generously succouring the victims of the strife. It seemed to us at last that she could not discriminate between the claims of the belligerents, although on her President's appeal the Entente sent him at the

beginning of the year¹ a full and reasoned statement of theirs, whereas the Teutonic Powers refused to advance beyond mere generalities. What moved America in the end was what would have moved her at the start, had she been convinced of it—the professed and formal repudiation of the principles of morality by the German Higher Command in their conduct of the war. This finally stamped them as enemies of the human race, and their warfare, in the President's words, as "warfare against mankind." This repudiation, culminating in actual aggression upon America's merchant shipping and so forming the formal *casus belli*, has been clearly manifested in a continued succession of deeds more eloquent than words, since the very beginning of the struggle. It is unfortunate that even the moral sense becomes dulled by the spectacle of reiterated outrages, even righteous indignation is apt to be a passing sentiment, even conscience ceases to react in the abiding presence of gross evil. So it is necessary from time to time to rehearse the dismal catalogue of Prussian military crime, so as rightly to understand the spirit against which we fight and the necessity, which America has ultimately grasped, of crushing it completely.

Let us remind ourselves, therefore, that the initial violation of Belgian neutrality was an inextinguishable outrage, deliberately planned, openly admitted, most cruelly executed, and that every day of the German occupation of that innocent land, since there is no prescription in wrong-doing, makes its infamy still blacker. Every Belgian death at Prussian hands, be it of armed soldier or helpless civilian, is constructively a murder, every seizure of or injury to property an act of brigandage, every violation of liberty or personal integrity—and who shall now number such atrocities?—has taken and takes an added malice from the fact that the invader is on that unoffending soil in defiance of God's law and of his own plighted honour. No customs of war, no military exigencies can palliate such conduct. Germany's mere presence in armed force in that neutral land is an outrage; but she is far from seeking any palliation: rather, with an insolent aggravation of her original crime, she has practically enslaved many of the inhabitants, as a savage might his conquered enemies. What wonder that the conscience of Christendom is stirred to its depths by iniquity like this, and

¹ Text in *The Times*, Jan. 12, 1917. Mr. Balfour's further exposition *ibid.* Jan. 18.

that the Christian who cannot repel it by force of arms must needs be anxious lest by silence and forgetfulness or by weak words, he should appear to condone it. Until it is avenged, until the miscreants who planned it are brought to stern account, until those who consciously approved it have learnt in the humiliation of defeat to acknowledge its monstrous injustice and are fain to make what reparation they can, the cause of right upon earth will remain wounded and maimed. Nay, if those who actually contrived it—the war-lords and diplomatists, who let loose their trained hordes to murder, ravish and spoil a weak and innocent people, finally escape the penalties which lesser criminals have to face, will not these latter, the world's thieves and murderers, rightly complain that justice has grievously miscarried?

Let not apologists for Germany cite the ravages of the Cossacks in Galicia and the religious persecution inaugurated there in 1915. Galicia was technically enemy territory; moreover, the instigators of those outrages are now in process of rendering account for them at the hands of the nation which they so foully misrepresented. Nor let us go back in history to find that parallel iniquities can be laid to the charge of all the European Governments. The point is that in this latest and greatest of wars, the Prussian authorities alone have deliberately thrown over all the limits to the barbarity of warfare imposed, not by humanitarian convention alone—that were a small thing and might have the sanction of circumstance—but by the unchanging and unchangeable law of God. Other nations have been willing to be handicapped by moral considerations; not so Germany; her methods are in keeping with her aim, and her aim, however speciously her sophists may disguise it, is to establish on earth the rule of Might, instead of that rule of Right planned for His creatures by our Redeemer.

Thus, the outrage against Belgium, first and greatest of all, was but the beginning of a terrible catalogue of criminal practices, the offspring of a policy that had definitely discarded the Christian conscience and the Christian code, and swept away even those palliatives with which advancing civilization had endeavoured to mitigate the horrors of war. Civilized nations had at length agreed to this—to limit their hostile action to their respective military forces. But that is not the savage way nor the way of the modern Hun, who recognizes no non-combatants, slaughters women and child-

ren, and thus, as far as in him lies, endeavours to array nation in strife against nation.¹ He has deported civilian populations, plundered or destroyed civilian goods, and, in the extremity of his malice in defeat, ruined and fired domestic dwellings and historic monuments, defiled what he could not carry off, nay, desecrated and destroyed the very churches. This is barbarism *pur sang*, going far beyond the stern requirements of war. Who can now doubt that the last salvoes of the storm of shell with which at the moment he is devastating Reims will be reserved for the glorious Cathedral?

And if on the German army, that perfect weapon to the forging of which all other national interests have been subordinated, such a cloud of infamy rests, what can be said of the German navy? What but that, young as it is, it has already surpassed the elder service in deeds of moral turpitude? Used against hostile warships the submarine is a perfectly lawful weapon: we should only admire, had it only been so used, the skill which has perfected it and the courage with which it is employed. But in the hands of a savage it becomes merely murderous, and, directed against neutral traders and passengers, it loses even the shadow of justification. It was Germany's abuse of this weapon that at last forced the United States to see that she was dealing not with a civilized and Christian Power but with an outlaw who, as the President said, "has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and right, and is running amok." The blatant iniquity of German submarine policy has roused the conscience of America, hitherto confused and inarticulate, and ranged behind the President in his declaration of war the moral indignation of a whole people.²

The adhesion of America to the Allied cause is undoubtedly the turning point of the war. In her aloofness, her inde-

¹ We may be permitted to regret that, after patiently enduring for two years and a half such practices as bombing from sea and air defenceless towns, drowning the crews of merchant vessels and even sinking hospital ships, the Allies should have so far descended to the methods of the Hun as to despatch aeroplanes to kill some of *his* women and children. The one hope for the future is to keep warfare from degenerating into a competition in barbarity: such evil precedents should be left to the savages who devised them.

² There are probably more than 100,000,000 inhabitants in the United States, and a considerable proportion of these are by birth or descent of German or Irish (*i.e.* anti-British) sympathies. Extreme pacifists, too, naturally flourish there. How far the war-crimes of Germany have won these citizens to the President's side we cannot say, but the opposition in Congress was insignificant. We are delighted to see that the American Hierarchy have issued a joint appeal to all American Catholics to support President Wilson.

pendence of action, her lack of direct national interest in the European struggle, the very presence on her citizen-roll of representatives of all the belligerent nations, she exhibits by her decision, as far as it can be now anticipated, the judgment of posterity. Her traditions, her past policy, the whole character of her government and institutions—all are thoroughly pacifist. On no other nation has militarism so little hold.¹ And in her President she had a perfect embodiment of her peaceful spirit. By character and training, by profession and outlook, he was averse to violence of any kind, and in his pursuit of his ideal he bore with such patient dignity a series of unparalleled provocations that, both at home and abroad, some men doubted his sense of his country's honour and of the higher claims of humanity. If it had been possible, by protest and appeal and all the resources of a long-suffering diplomacy to preserve peace with honour, President Wilson would assuredly have achieved that aim. He hoped against hope that a ruthless State would become humane and a faithless Power observe its plighted word. Even so short a while ago as December 18th, when he sent his Peace Note to the belligerents, he was willing to assume a virtual identity of aim between them, and even this year he spoke of his "inveterate confidence" in Germany's good will. He was so little disposed to think evil of that Power that, on January 22nd, in a speech to the Senate he pleaded for a "peace without victory," ignoring altogether the declared aim of the Allies to vindicate justice and not to allow the greatest crime in history to go unpunished. And behind him undoubtedly then was most of the American nation, proud of his lofty idealism, proud of his faith in humanity, proud even of the skill with which he evaded the frequent *casus belli* in his strong stand for the rational process of negotiation in preference to the barbarous expedient of war. They re-elected him President against strong competition on the express ground that he had kept them out of the war. They would re-elect him to-morrow, should occasion arise, just because he had brought them into it. If excuse could be found for German misdeeds, this man and this nation would have found it: that even they can no longer tolerate the Hun is surely a sign that he is intolerable.

Even so, very reluctantly and, as it were, feeling his way,

¹ Her actual military establishment is so small that recently she could be successfully defied by the bandit Government of Mexico.

the President proceeded step by step from rupture of diplomatic relations¹ to armed neutrality,² and thence to the final declaration of war.³ Either Prussian pride or desperation prevented the avowal of wrong-doing, and so compelled recourse to that only remaining substitute for conscience, armed force. The Entente, therefore, are justified in claiming that their diagnosis of the Prussian spirit, made and proclaimed so early in the war, is the true one, since it has been so magnificently endorsed by a nation so well qualified to judge and so reluctant to condemn. The moral effect of this judgment will be far greater than its material results, vast as those may be. It has already won acceptance from South America as a whole. No nation in the Eastern or Western Hemispheres, save the small neutrals within Germany's reach, to whom a natural prudence counsels silence, no civilized Power among the nations, with the singular and somewhat shocking exception of Spain, but looks upon the present Prussian Government as a desperate menace to civilization. May we not say, in regard to this temporal matter—*securus judicat orbis terrarum*? Or are we to think that right and justice are nowhere on earth save in the hearts of the Kaiser, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the Young Turks?

The speech in which President Wilson put the American case for war before Congress has been universally hailed as one which will adorn history as well as make it. It goes far beyond its immediate scope, which is to show that war was forced upon the American Government by Prussia's submarine policy, a policy that in itself constituted aggressive warfare. It shows that the Prussian ideal is incompatible with the peace of the world, and must be overthrown for the sake of humanity itself. It is a solemn vindication of democracy as the final term in the development of human government, and as the only system whereby a more or less permanent peace can be assured. It is a declaration of national rights which is worthy to rank with the famous American declaration of the rights of man. For instance, of the highest moment is its insistence that "the same standards of conduct and responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their Governments that are observed among individual citizens of civilized States." Here we have the principle for which the Christian must always contend—the supremacy and universality of the moral law

¹ February 17, 1917.

² February 26, 1917.

³ April 6, 1917.

as a permanent obligation on human action, whether personal or corporate, whether in peace or war. This principle has been so often, either formally or practically, denied both by statesmen and philosophers, not only, alas! in Prussia but wherever anti-Christian principles prevail, that its embodiment in this historic document is a fact of the greatest significance. We may pause for a moment to illustrate the wide-spread and insidious character of the error which it denounces.

In a singularly ill-timed and offensive article in the April *Nineteenth Century*, a certain English lawyer, Sir Herbert Stephen, takes occasion to sneer at the high idealism of President Wilson's efforts for peace and the conception of a League of Nations to secure it. Now, it is very easy for a non-Christian, as this writer shows himself in fact to be, whatever his religious profession, to pick holes in any plan to promote peace which is based upon the acceptance of Christian principles. We are not concerned with Sir H. Stephen's arguments and objections such as they are: they are common to all rationalists and all pessimists who know nothing of the saving virtue of Christianity, and must needs despair of the progress of the race. What interests us in this connection is the inherent Prussianism of the writer's principles, his implicit assertion that law is only valid when it has material force behind it, that Might makes Right. The decalogue, argues this pundit, gets whatever force it has as law, only because of the civil sanctions attached to violations of it (p. 802). Hence he ignores all distinction between morality and mere convention; to him our extension of the law of contraband is in just the same category as the German drowning of non-combatants (806). He implies that, if we found any advantage in the practice, we might do just the same (*ibid.*). Moreover, observing the freedom which Germany has purchased by the abolition of conscience, he goes on to advocate the repudiation of all conventions and previous contracts in the case of future wars (808) and, Prussian to the very core, deprecates any attempt to regulate and mitigate warfare or to determine "rights," whether belligerent or neutral. The humanity with which at present we wage war is due to our own "self-respect," but "the details of our behaviour must and will alter from time to time as new methods and new inventions may require" (809). [So, indeed, von Tirpitz may have argued when he conceived his infamous submarine policy.] His

opinion, however, is that it will not vary much, but he gives no reason beyond his *ipse dixit*. Finally, he reaches the complacent conclusion that all nations having been duly warned that we are prepared to be perfectly unscrupulous, a law unto ourselves, we shall probably be safe from attack—for a generation or so.

Now the worst symptom of this immoral production is that its author is serenely unconscious of any immorality at all. He is all the while thanking "whatever gods there are" that he is not an outlaw, even as those Prussians. And his attitude is widely prevalent in the English press to-day, and indeed in all political literature that has broken with the Christian tradition. It was this attitude on the part of Germany that deprived the Hague Conferences of much of their value. Its denunciation by America will go far to place deliberations of the approaching Peace Conference on a firmer basis.

Christianity, the true and final revelation of God to man, has in this infidel age been so thrust aside, or regarded as only one of many "guesses at truth," that sometimes even Catholics are ashamed or afraid to assert its claim to be the one sovereign remedy for all the world's ills. It is important, then, to emphasize the fact that whatever there is of good in merely natural religion, or in the survivals of pre-Christian faiths, or in subsequent explorations of the human spirit, is contained without defect or alloy in the principles of the Christian belief. The rationalist will find there all the rightful claims of reason established and guaranteed; the agnostic too will find all its limitations insisted upon; the ethicist will be shown the only firm and consistent theory of morals that the world has ever seen; the political philosopher will learn from it that the State is as much the creation of God as the Church, and has the same Divine sanction for its authority; the social reformer, nay, the socialist himself, will discover therein the solution of the desperate problems that threaten to destroy society. In advocating a return to Christian principles we are not trying to force a private nostrum, a mere palliative, on those who yearn for satisfaction of mind and heart. Christianity is not only an other-world religion: it is meant for both worlds. It is not only one solution of the enigma of life; it is the only solution. It resumes, vitalizes and elevates all real good wherever found; it illuminates and confirms all the dictates of natural reason; it has a direct

bearing on every form of human intercourse, for it is a system of morals and man is as essentially a moral being as he is an intellectual; it gives security to the State and freedom to the citizen—in a word, all these things are added to those who put God's Kingdom, their duty to their Creator, first. The President, addressing primarily a population, some two-thirds of which are said to rest contentedly outside the reach of institutional religion, made no directly Christian appeal. Washington, Lincoln, Gladstone—these men would have been more outspoken. Still, the implications of religion underlie his whole speech. Justice, not self-interest; right, not expediency—these virtues he sets up as the criteria of national and international action. And fully in keeping with this claim is his assertion of the aims of America in this war—

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests and no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves and no material compensation for sacrifices we shall freely make.¹ We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind, and we shall be satisfied when these rights are as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

And as in the end sought so in the means employed he invokes the same high moral standard:

Just because we fight without rancour and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion, and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for.²

After his vindication of the moral law, *i.e.*, of the rights of God, the most notable feature of the President's address is his vindication of the rights of nations. Those who urge that after the war the Allies should not treat with the Hohenzollern Dynasty will note with peculiar satisfaction that, as far as America can bring it about, there shall sit

¹ Right nobly have the great American industries, as reported in *The Times* for April 14, given practical effect to the President's disclaimer by forswearing all profits due to war-exigencies, a lesson to those sordid souls amongst us who, in shipping, coal, munitions, food, etc., continue to find gain in their country's distress.

² We commend those noble words to those who on the occurrence of each fresh German atrocity shriek for indiscriminate reprisals. No end, however good, not even the ending of Prussian autocracy, can justify the use of otherwise immoral means.

henceforward at the councils of the nations no civil ruler, whether emperor or king or president, who does not truly represent the people he governs, designated by their free choice to be the depository of the supreme authority with which God endows the State. There shall be no repetition of the Council of Vienna. The last traces of feudalism must disappear. Autocracy, an intolerable anachronism in our present stage of civilization, must be crushed by that very instrument it has so freely and so constantly abused. The system that placed its only trust in the sword shall perish by the sword. All through the great speech the phrase rings like a refrain—"The world must be safe for democracy." Naturally, inevitably, the speaker felt the inspiration of the great upheaval in Russia which overthrew in a few short days a secular despotism, stained in its record by every sort of crime against liberty of conscience and of person. Yet he was careful to distinguish between that Government and its subjects.

Russia [he said] was known by those who knew her best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all vital habits, in her thought, and in all intimate relations of her people that spoke of their natural instinct and their habitual attitude towards life.

The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as it was in the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character or purpose, and now it has been shaken off and the great generous Russian people have been added in all their *naïve* majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice and for peace.

It would have been difficult, nay impossible, a month or so ago, for one about to support the cause which the Russian Government was professedly upholding, to utter words like these; the accession of America at the present juncture must therefore be reckoned as one of the unforeseen results of the Duma's bold action. It is sometimes useful after all to wait and see. More prudent still and dictated by a more obvious necessity is the President's dissociation, even in his very declaration of war, of the German Government from the German people:

We have not quarrelled with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in enter-

ing this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers, and wars were provoked and waged in the interests of dynasties, or little groups of ambitious men, who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools.¹

Thus the contest is skilfully narrowed down to the overthrow of Prussian militarism, which, together with the undoing of its misdeeds, has all along been the main object of the Allies. *L'autocratie, voilà l'ennemie*. Most of the wars of the past have been caused by autocrats, by the rivalries and ambitions of a few using the many as their instruments. This is not to deny that sometimes wars have been popular, but relatively few have been spontaneous adventures of a whole people. That is why the President is so insistent upon democracy as a guarantee of the world's peace. A few words will suffice to indicate his argument and its value.

Democracy may be defined to be government with the consent, by the aid, and in the interests, of the governed. Because liberty, power of self-determination, is man's highest prerogative, the point in which he most resembles his Maker, that system of rule best consults his human dignity which gives him most scope for the intelligent use of his freedom. Hence democracy may be regarded as the final term in political development, the state in which man as a political animal arrives at full maturity, having become competent by intelligence and probity to take his share in framing the regulations by which individual liberty is limited for social ends. This ideal is nowhere perfectly realized: the various existing democracies are all more or less defective owing to the different political capacities of various nations, and of the several members of each. Moreover, there are false ideals of democracy before men's minds arising from wrong notions of human destiny and of the constitution of society.² However no Christian teacher will deny that a free community has the right to select the form of government which shall manage its temporal concerns, and change it for another should it

¹ THE MONTH has always made the same distinction, conscious that the German Catholics at least, nearly one-third of the nation, could not approve, if due knowledge were theirs, of unjust aims and immoral means. The Allies, moreover, in Article X. of their Note in reply to President Wilson, expressly disclaimed any intention of procuring the political disappearance of the German people.

² See "Democracy: true and false," THE MONTH, November, 1912.

prove essentially incompetent. There can be no "vested interests" in a matter of such vital moment to the commonwealth.

To this political ideal autocracy is radically opposed. Democratic peace and freedom, as the President points out, have one main external source of danger, viz., "the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will and not by the will of their people." The notion that even the temporal interests of large masses of people should be dependent on the whims of their rulers, and that these latter should pursue interests, dynastic or personal, apart from those of their subjects, is repugnant to our developed sense of justice and human worth, especially if the ruler should seek to sacrifice for his own selfish ends the welfare of multitudes. In the youth of the world and the childhood of nations autocracy was more natural; but there are few absolute monarchs in history who did not abuse their power. Such power is too great to be at the discretion of one man or of a small group. So the adult world dislikes the system extremely, and now that the last surviving autocracy has given such an object lesson of its dangerous character, the world is bent upon demolishing it.

We have repeatedly pointed out, in discussing the prospects of permanent peace, that the presence amongst sovereign nations of even one Power which openly and without shame makes Might the criterion of Right, necessitates all the others going armed, makes peace always insecure and war sooner or later inevitable. This is what Prussianized Germany has done for the last half century, and the patience of the world has come to an end at last. It is to the colossal task of breaking down and extirpating this evil anachronism, this terrible military tyranny which unites with a cynical repudiation of the moral law, vast material resources, high technical skill and a boundless ambition, that America brings her invaluable aid. "This is a war against barbarism," said Senator Lodge in Congress, on April 4th, "panoplied in all the devices for the destruction of human life which science, beneficent science, can bring forth. *We are resisting an effort to thrust mankind back to forms of government, political creeds and methods of conquest which we hoped had disappeared for ever from the earth.*" Whatever perils for peace the future holds this one danger, at least, must be eliminated.

It will be noted that the President seems to take for granted that democracies make for peace, whereas history shows that they too are liable to be selfish, aggressive, ambitious, and bellicose. If dynastic rivalries no longer exist, what about commercial rivalries? Communities, moreover, are notoriously liable to sudden gusts of passion—*civium ardor prava jubentium*,—how is peace to be the more secure in a world of democracy? To discuss this would demand more space than we can afford: we can only note the panacea of the President, which is open diplomacy; certainly, his own conduct of negotiations during the war both with Great Britain and Germany is an admirable commentary on his counsel.

Self-governed nations [he says] do not fill their neighbour States with spies or set in course an intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which would give them an opportunity to strike and make a conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked only under cover *where no one has a right to ask questions*. Cunningly-contrived plans of deception or impression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from light only within the privacy of Courts or behind the carefully-guarded confidences of a narrow privileged class. *They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.*

In other words, autocracy cannot be trusted, whereas democracy can. Similarity of political ideals argues similarity of moral ideals, and without a common moral standard there are no grounds for a common understanding. The President does not discuss how it is that the common moral standard has been so long to seek. It is, of course, one of the disastrous legacies of the Reformation. Luther made the individual a law unto himself, as Machiavelli had made the State, and the subjectivism of German philosophy created the haze under which these immoralities could be hid. The breath of war has dissipated that miasma, and the eternal verities have a chance of shining again on a long benighted world. We are only at the beginning of the new age, as the President points out; and it is not only in the field that autocracy has to be overthrown. There the Prussian is merely carrying out with characteristic thoroughness principles which are prevalent in every sphere of life. The nations have yet got to realize that any system which pursues a selfish end unguided by moral considerations is Prussianism pure and simple. Let democracies take that to heart. International

peace will follow on national peace. Justice at home will produce justice abroad. "The world's peace," says Mr. Wilson, "must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty." Christians will want to dig deeper. Political liberty itself cannot exist without express acknowledgment of that Higher Power, the ordinances of which secure the individual against anarchy on the one hand and on the other against what is almost as great an evil, State-absolutism, whether autocratic or socialistic. "A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by the partnership of democratic nations." That seems clear, but not even so, unless these democracies are really Christian.

J. KEATING.

THE FIRESIDE

THE room at night, the quiet room—
 Rich carven dark and fretted gloom—
 The firelight's rose in purple bloom.

What if He sat beside our fire
 The Wanderer, the world's Desire,
 (Oh, Song asleep within the lyre !)
 What if He sat—and watched our fire ?

Music indeed, it stirs and lingers
 Under the touch of charmed Fingers.
 I am the lyre within Thy keeping,
 What choosest Thou—or gay or weeping ?
 (Delicate music stirs from sleeping.)

Or, in the dusk, wilt lay instead
 A quiet Hand upon my head ?
 As mothers do, when safe, at ease,
 The children lean against their knees.

See, where the shining coals are spread,
 The little flames, all thin and red,
 Flicker and hum.—The night is wide
 Where lonely dreams and ghosts abide,
 Darkness and Loss on every side
 And Pain . . . but Thou, our heart's Desire,
 Sittest in peace before our fire !

M. G. CHADWICK.

JOYCE KILMER: AN APPRECIATION

WHEN that somewhat disappointing brother of a genius, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, was in America, he announced with considerable gusto that he had discovered a new poet. Just as it was Georg Brandes who discovered Nietzsche, and Edmund Gosse who discovered Ibsen, and Johannes Schlaf who discovered Hauptmann, and Mlle. Moisson de Brécourt who discovered Sardou, and Henri de Villemessant who discovered Zola, and Wilfrid Meynell who discovered Thompson, and George Bernard Shaw who discovered himself—just so, to end the endless, Cecil Chesterton discovered a new poet, a *rara avis* in the person of Joyce Kilmer. His find is bereft of its *clou* to a great degree, however, when we reflect that, even if Mr. Kilmer is not "known in England" (though to him fell the distinction, great indeed for an American *littérateur*, of being the chosen laureate of the Waverley Centennial some years since, a signal honour from Great Britain which does not stand alone), the two fine volumes he has already published and many beautiful songs now scattered in various magazines, which we confidently hope to see gathered in a more permanent form in the near future, have earned for him a quick and generous recognition among the people of his own land. So that his is a fame which shows every indication of increasing with the onrush of time.

Still a very young man, Mr. Kilmer's literary gifts were conspicuous even in his undergraduate days at Rutgers College and Columbia University. The cream of these early efforts is to be found in *The Summer of Love*, and, while these poems are remarkable for unusual artistry and authentic feeling, it is in his later volume, *Trees, and Other Poems*, that we must look for a full blossoming of his powers. As was the case with Lionel Johnson, whom he greatly resembles, though he is a man of far wider sympathies than the author of *Post Liminium*, the enrichment of Joyce Kilmer's Muse synchronized with his conversion to the Catholic Church, and yet, as also was the case with Johnson, his reception implied no sweeping change of faith, for he would seem to have been Catholic at heart even while he lingered amid the shadows of Episcopalianism. Two years ago, when I besought him to

write the story of his journey along the sunlit trail that leads to Rome, on behalf of a religious magazine with which I was at the time editorially associated, I received this characteristic reply: "I like to think that I have always been a Catholic; I prefer not to think of myself as a convert." Entering then, as a prodigal son rather than as a stranger, into his Father's House, he found therein, as his contemporaries, Charles Hanson Towne and Theodore Maynard, have also found, an inexhaustible mine of poetic inspiration, and so his recent work has the glow of radiance from such nearness to the throne as God permits to His own, "a passionate fire and fervor and the spiritual thrill and amorous phraseology of Catholic mysticism."

In the official recommendation of Mr. Kilmer's work which Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse has prepared for the National Federation of Women's Clubs we read:

In *Trees, and Other Poems* Mr. Joyce Kilmer more than fulfils the expectation awakened by his first verse. Mr. Kilmer has something to say and a way quite his own of saying it—a conjunction as happy as it is infrequent. Although Mr. Kilmer looks directly at life and reports what he sees there, he is never didactic but has the saving grace of humor, a refined, subtle, whimsical humor—the tang of Elia in poetry. It is this quality, coupled with an intuitive sense of the values of life, which gives not only a distinctive charm to Mr. Kilmer's work, but a significance above that of the work of most young poets.

His intellectual sanity, moral fibre and delicate humour have not only made him the alembic of the younger American lyrical school, but they have also kept him from wallowing, like several of his present co-workers in the craft, in the puerile rubbish of late Victorian decadence. His reader's nostrils are never assailed by the atmosphere of punk-sticks, quasi-Persian cosy corners, stale vermouth or soiled kimonos. He occupies no studio full of hangings and half-lights; he has a home which exactly measures up to his description of what a home should be like: "A house with a perambulator in the front yard and overshoes under the hat-rack." He does not squeeze the lachrymal ducts with an E-flat dilettantism; pachydermatous indeed, if they are not stung by his fine scorn, must be the

Little poets mincing there
With women's hearts and women's hair.

In his delightful quatrains on Old Poets, Mr. Kilmer assures us that:

The pleasantest sort of a poet
Is the poet who's old and wise,
With an old white beard and wrinkles
About his kind old eyes.

For these young flibertigibbets
A-rhyming their hours away,
They won't be still like honest men
And listen to what you say.

The young poet screams forever
About his sex and his soul,
But the old man listens and smokes his pipe
And polishes its bowl.

There is no peace to be taken
With poets who are young,
For they worry about the wars to be fought
And the songs that must be sung.

But the old man knows that he's in his chair
And that God's on His throne in the sky,
So he sits by the fire in comfort
And he lets the world spin by.

In Kilmer, to an amazing degree, are the qualities which Matthew Arnold has said a great poet should possess: "The interpretative power, not of drawing out in black and white a mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full and intimate sense of them and our relation with them." Though he clings to the classical methods and traditions, he nevertheless throws the intensity of his personality into his work with a deftness that makes the result entirely modern and effective. His colours, clear, warm, and low-keyed, act directly on the senses. His tones show flat, though soft with sculptural qualities of contour, reminding one of the paintings of Puvis de Chavannes. His lingual draperies invariably explain their texture. His subtle arrangement of words falls on the ear undistracted by trivialities, and his whole he combines with a delicate drawing and unhampered composition to eliminate whatever may divide attention and to produce but one sensation. He is serenely simple, like a Doric pillar, and limpid as a running brook. To him, "Nature is whole in her least things express." He sings tenderly of things that enter into the lives of all. He has a larger repertoire of joys—joys with every-day things that any man may have—than any other living poet. Thus, of Kilmer's characteristics, the chief would appear to be a certain representative rather than individual turn of mind. He feels as others do, only more

consciously, more categorically. He expresses what others think, but with more energy. He does his own thinking, but its results are as recognizably reasonable as its processes are placid. His idiosyncrasy lies not in his mind but in his character. To his representative turn of mind there is added a sterling character that gives it substance and a felicitous faculty of expression that gives it definition—a most admirable equipment for the gentle art of telling people on a high plane and in a lofty, an exquisite or a forceful way as the theme may require, precisely what they wish to hear. His task, which he has met manfully, has been a most exacting one. He has had to whet the intellectual appetite of an audience jaded with novelty and surfeited with the unusual. What people want to hear in the midst of this wondrous mechanical age, is something which will unfold to them their real selves, something which will strengthen their half-conscious conviction that they are themselves poets, that their own narrow little lives have taken on a mystical aura from the marvellous things among which they live and move and have their being. The test of a poet's imagination to-day is his ability to work on cold, hard facts, on solid material things until he fashions them into so much beauty, seeing them in their infinite relations, as God sees them. He must grip the hidden properties of matter the way modern machinery does, free its potentialities, and make it do something for the soul by flashing its symbols at us. He must idealize hitherto unidealized realities. He must comprehend and utilize some aspects of life and nature that other artists have not grasped. He must offer a poetry which has never been indicated before. And this, above all, is the excelling value of Mr. Kilmer's work; in his recent poetry I see this ability most strikingly manifested. No poet since Longfellow has cast such a glamour over the things of every-day life, or shown how beautiful are the implications of the commonplace. But whereas Longfellow was panoramic, Kilmer is galvanic. His poetry is not especially poetry because of the way it sounds to us, nor because of the way it looks to us, but because of what it does to us. His thoughts run through one like an electric current. He has outswept the bounds of beauty for human life. He has seen the universe in every clod of it. And so in his verse, he helps struggling human souls to escape the limitations of time and of place and of flesh to catch a glimpse of God and of their everlasting

destiny in God.^X "God is, and God is the rewarder of them that seek Him," is his message.

This thought has an unhackneyed development in his charming little ode, *Pennies*:

A few long-hoarded pennies in his hand,
Behold him stand ;
A kilted Hedonist, perplexed and sad.
The joy that once he had,
The first delight of ownership.
He bows his little head.
Ah, cruel Time, to kill
That splendid thrill !

Then in his tear-dimmed eyes
New lights arise.
He drops his treasured pennies on the ground.
They roll and bound
And scattered, rest.
Now with what zest
He runs to find his errant wealth again !

So unto men
Doth God, depriving that He may bestow.
Fame, health, and money go,
But that they may, new found, be newly sweet.
Yea, at His feet
Sit, waiting us, to their concealment bid,
All they, our lovers, whom His love hath hid,
Lo, comfort blooms on pain, and peace on strife,
And gain on loss.
What is the Key to Everlasting Life ?
A blood-stained Cross.

Before the Cross came the Crib, however, and in *The Fourth Shepherd* we have, from an entirely new angle, the story of how the Feast of Childhood originated. Witness the thrilling beauty, the overpowering poignancy of this fragment:

The stable glows against the sky,
And who are these that throng the way ?
My three old comrades hasten by,
And shining angels kneel and pray.

The door swings wide—I cannot go—
I must and yet I dare not see.
Lord, who am I that I should know—
Lord God, be merciful to me.

O Whiteness, whiter than the fleece
Of new-washed sheep on April sod !
O Breath of Life, O Prince of Peace,
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God !

To praise such lines is a benediction to any writer, for here, as in his longer poems, he shows his elevation of thought and penetrating vision, and his true refinement in the dexterous use of his medium, which always conveys an alluring impression of spontaneity. His beautiful hymn, *The Citizen of the World*, recalls Crashaw, the greatest of the Caroline poets. When Rupert Brooke fell on the field of honour, none wrote a more touching tribute to his memory than Mr. Kilmer. When Mr. Wilson seemed to be juggling with "weasel words" over the *Lusitania* outrage, our poet told what he thought of it in no uncertain terms in the stirring poem, *The White Ships and the Red*. An ardent Knight of Columbus, that splendid body of men who are his brethren inevitably comes to mind when we read this virile stanza of Mr. Kilmer's *Stars*:

Christ's troop, Mary's Guard, God's own men,
Draw your swords and strike at hell and strike again,
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are,
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star.

It has remained for Mr. Kilmer to discover the possibilities of a railway time-table, of a kitchen girl and a grocer's boy, of a strictly utilitarian apartment-house, which, in spite of its incredible ugliness, "thrills with sudden grace" when a feminine face is framed in one of its high windows. A late suburban train is an ordinary thing, a thing indeed which fills many of us with aversion, and yet, in *Twelve-Forty-Five*, it is a thing transfigured, a flying angel of bliss, laden with the light and life of many hearths, whose shining feet are "beautiful upon the hills." His unforgettable poems about the dreaming *Martin* and the ghostly *Dave Lilly* are destined to a long life in the anthologies. However, it is in that enchanting poem, *Delicatessen*, which has been called "the most glamorous poem of our time," that Mr. Kilmer exercises his peculiar gift of divination with the most appealing charm. In *Delicatessen*, we learn the worth of that insignificant individual who, in American cities, is always right around the corner in even the most nabob neighbourhoods, a rather ludicrous figure to the average customer who sees his rotund form ensconced amid his goodly stores of pickles and olives, figs and *sauerbrauten*, he who

leans across a slab of board,
And draws his knife and slices cheese.

Yet things are not invariably what they seem. We must not be misled by surface values. As Mr. Kilmer reflects:

The scene shall never fit the deed.
 Grotesquely, wonders come to pass.
 The fool shall mount an Arab steed
 And Jesus ride upon an ass.

This man in his dingy little shop, this "trafficker in humble sweets," is something more than the butt of poor jokes, a sordid creature of "dollars, nickels, cents and dimes":

This man has home, and child and wife
 And battle set for every day.
 This man has God and love and life ;
 These stand, all else shall pass away.

Rhymed couplets are nothing new, to be sure, but who of all the poets of past ages has sung of trees in just this way:

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast ;

A tree that looks at God all day,
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair ;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
 Who intimately lives with rain.

Of all of Mr. Kilmer's fine pieces, and I am truly beset by an embarrassment of riches, that which I like best is the following poem, which originally appeared in *The New Witness*, entitled *The Robe of Christ*:

At the foot of the Cross on Calvary
 Three soldiers sat and diced,
 And one of them was the Devil
 And he won the Robe of Christ.

When the Devil comes in his proper form
 To the chamber where I dwell,
 I know him and make the Sign of the Cross
 Which drives him back to hell.

And when he comes like a friendly man
 And puts his hand in mine,
 The fervor in his voice is not
 From love or joy or wine.

And when he comes like a woman,
 With lovely smiling eyes,
 Black dreams float over his golden head
 Like a swarm of carrion flies.

Now, many a million tortured souls
 In his red halls there be :
 Why does he spend his subtle craft
 In hunting after me ?

Kings, queens and crested warriors
Whose memory rings through time,
These are his prey, and what to him
Is this poor man of rhyme?

That he, with such laborious skill,
Should change from rôle to rôle,
Should daily act so many a part
To get my little soul?

Oh, he can be the forest,
And he can be the sun,
Or a buttercup, or an hour of rest
When the weary day is done.

I saw him through a thousand veils,
And has not this sufficed?
Now, must I look on the Devil robed
In the radiant Robe of Christ?

He comes, and his face is sad and mild,
With thorns his head is crowned,
There are great bleeding wounds in his feet,
And in each hand a wound.

How can I tell, who am a fool,
If this be Christ or no?
These bleeding hands outstretched to me!
Those eyes that loved me so!

I see the Robe—I look—I hope—
I fear—but there is one
Who will direct my troubled mind;
Christ's Mother knows her Son.

O Mother of Good Counsel, lend
Intelligence to me!
Encompass me with wisdom,
Thou Tower of Ivory!

"This is the man of lies," she says,
"Disguised with fearful art;
He has the wounded hands and feet,
But not the wounded heart."

Beside the Cross on Calvary
She watched them as they dined.
She saw the Devil join the game
And win the Robe of Christ.

In the mighty avalanche of native and vigorous poetry now sweeping over America, Joyce Kilmer's floats high above all the rest, white and beautiful, eager with fresh, unstinted loveliness. Our age is electric with new thought forces. Over the shoulders of this green old world is rising the dawn of better things in literature and life. And Kilmer is the blithe herald of their coming.

HUGH ANTHONY ALLEN.

THE ART OF "BOLSTERING"

SOME half century ago there was a practice in vogue among a certain section of the High Church Party which in those days was popularly called "bolstering," that is to say, bolstering up those members of the party who showed signs of going over to Rome, so as to sustain their sinking allegiance to their own communion from giving way altogether. This name no longer survives, but the practice itself survives, and as the professors of the art are particularly active just now we may be permitted to revive the use of the name in commenting as we propose to do briefly upon a particular manual of the bolsterers' art which has recently been published, and to which our attention has been drawn as highly recommended even by an Anglican controversialist of the standing of Father Puller, to mention this one name only. This manual is entitled *Catholic or Roman Catholic?* Its author is the Rev. Thomas Hardy, and it has been admitted by Dr. Sparrow Simpson into his series of *Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice*, where it finds itself among books the authors of some of which can hardly be proud of its company.

Before we begin our comments on this manual we would distinguish between the efforts of these bolsterers and those of earnest friends of the intending converts, who are naturally distressed at losing them from their communion, and strive hard to retain them by plying them with arguments which to their own minds appear convincing. For the distress of such friends we cannot but feel respect, and within limits a degree of sympathy, though constrained to work against their endeavours to hold the inquirer to the bonds of a communion which our Lord did not found. But the bolsterer is a very different type of person and is worthy of no respect whatever. His speciality is not to convince by solid arguments, the dearth of which are conspicuous for their absence in the manuals he compiles for the capture of his victims, but to bewilder. He feels that he has no chance with minds that are capable of exercising an educated judgment on complex points of history or exegesis or theology; that can distinguish between plump assertions or assumptions for which there is no evidence whatever, and careful statements for which argu-

ments worthy of consideration are adduced ; who can look up references and judge whether they are rightly made. Such minds the bolsterer knows he must give up as placed beyond the range of his petty artillery. But there are others among those whom God draws to His Church, who are quite capable of appreciating the substantial arguments which establish the claims of the Catholic Church, such as are those, for instance, based on the possession by the Catholic Church, and by her alone among the religious communions in the world, of the four marks of which the Nicene Creed attests the antiquity and validity ; but who find it hard to hold their own against one who strives to confuse them with statements made or said to have been made by Fathers or others who lived ages ago and under conditions which they are unable to estimate ; or who, if contemporaries, wrote or acted in distant places, and are alleged to have said or done things for which the only evidence is the assurance given by a writer who suppresses every means of testing his allegations, or does not hesitate to make bold assumptions and cite in their support authorities which the victims are unable to examine. It is minds like these who form the kind of game which the bolsterer lays himself out to capture. A few specimens from the many which abound in Mr. Hardy's book will illustrate what we have in mind.

Thus in his first chapter, with a great affectation of fairness, he tells his supposed waverer that he must regard the divisions of opinion that prevail so extensively in the Anglican communion as having no bearing whatever on the question whether it is right or not to go over to Rome ; and that the one reason for going over to Rome is that "you are absolutely convinced that the Pope is the successor of St. Peter, whom our Lord made His Vicar," and consequently that "the true Church is formed only of those who are in communion with the Pope." Technically this is true, as the inquirer finds out at once when he seeks instruction at a Catholic source. But for all that the hopeless divisions among Anglicans are by no means without their bearing on the determination whether Anglicanism or Catholicism represents the true faith. Minds such as those we have described feel instinctively and rightly that our Lord cannot be the author of a religious system which offers no security for unity of doctrine and practice, and are

fain to infer thence that neither the Anglican Church nor any of the Dissenting sects can be a true or safe communion in which a soul can rest. On the other hand when they note, as note they must if they are brought into contact with the Catholics, how differently their system works, and what security of truth it assures to the hearts and minds of its members, they cannot but be constrained to recognize there a mark of the true Church. And we may add here, though the point is not one that we shall have space to consider more fully in the present article, that the same holds good of the other three marks of the Church. As soon as their nature is explained in a simple way such as is done in the Catechism and many other books of simple instruction, the key is given to what they witness in the Catholic Church as it stands before them, and the effect is that it begins to draw them to itself, as multiform experience testifies.

But let us see what he has to tell the waverer (for so let us call him) about the proofs offered by the Catholics that the primacy over the Church was given to Peter and his successors, the Bishops of Rome. In the first place he tells him to note that, whereas the Roman Church would have him look in these days to the Pope as in succession to St. Peter the divinely appointed teacher with whom his doctrine must agree, the Acts of the Apostles describe the faithful of those days as "continuing steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship," that is, in the doctrine not of Peter alone but of all of them. It might occur to the waverer that whilst the Apostles were still living together in the same neighbourhood and all conspicuously teaching alike, it was very natural to describe their followers as continuing in *their* doctrine and fellowship; but how, he might ask, does the rule suggested apply to the men of our generation? Where is he to find the united apostles that he may adhere to them? On this point our bolsterer gives him no guidance. Is it because his wish is merely to create for the waverer a perplexity, not to help him out of one? Next he tells the waverer that "St. Matthew xvi. 18, 19, John xxi. 15—17, are what are usually known as the Petrine texts," and bids him note that they are "the whole of the facts given us in support of the claim." Then he wonders why Luke xxii. 32, was not added, as it is used for the same purpose by modern Roman Catholic

writers. But he solves his own difficulty by assuring the waverer that "perhaps the fact that this last text was not pressed into the service of the Roman claim until the close of the twelfth century accounts for its omission in these formularies," he means in the larger Catechism of Pius X. Next he proceeds to eliminate from the number of the Petrine texts John xxi. 15—17, on the ground that it "was never applied to the Papal Supremacy till the end of the seventh century." The reader should note the categorical tone of these assertions. There is no recognition of any doubt or difference of opinion as prevailing on the matter: the waverer is told it as though it were universally admitted that of the two Petrine texts thus set aside one was never thought of as being such till the close of the seventh and the other not till the close of the twelfth century. No doubt it was thought unlikely that the waverer, being of the class we have described, would be able to check these statements. But was the bolsterer aware of such words as the following used by St. Gregory the Great, the Apostle of England, as our Catholic forefathers were wont to call him, in his letter to the Emperor Maurice, a letter the purpose of which was to induce the Emperor to punish the Patriarch of Constantinople for offending against the canons of the Church by taking to himself the absurd name of Universal Bishop. In this letter occur the following words, the drift of which is clear when we remember that St. Gregory's point was that, if it were a question who was appointed by our Lord to be the supreme visible ruler of the Church it was himself as the Roman Pontiff, and yet he never arrogated to himself the title of Universal Bishop, a title which in his estimation implied that there could be no other lawful bishop anywhere in the Church.

To all [he says] who know the Gospel it is manifest that the charge of the whole Church was entrusted by the voice of the Lord to the holy Apostle Peter, the Prince of all the Apostles. For to him it is said, "Peter, lovest thou Me? Feed My sheep." To him it is said, "Behold Satan hath desired to sift *you* as wheat, but I have prayed for *thee*, Peter, that *thy* faith fail not; and do thou one day in turn confirm thy brethren." To him is said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth it shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed also in Heaven."

We take the translation of this passage from Mr. Allies's *St. Peter, his name and office*, where it occurs in the very last paragraph of the book. We do this because the bolsterer by his reference to it elsewhere shows that he had that book before him when he wrote, and ought therefore all the more to have known of a passage in so conspicuous a place in the volume, which directly traverses the unhistorical statement to which the bolsterer commits himself, where he expresses his surprise that Mr. Allies should think the words in Luke xxii. contain a promise of infallibility to Peter, and wonders if he was aware of St. Peter's fall. Such a question is futile as addressed to Mr. Allies, but we may well ask in face of the words just cited from St. Gregory whether the bolsterer imagines that St. Gregory lived in the seventh or the twelfth century? Or are we to suppose that when he wrote down his false statement about the date when the use of these Petrine texts is first found he said to himself "never mind, the people I wish to influence will never find it out"?

Let us come now to the one text which the bolsterer has allowed to remain. Matt. xvi. 16—18. "Unfortunately," he says, "this text is ambiguous. What did our Lord mean by this rock? Did he mean Peter, or did He mean Peter's faith, or did He mean Himself? Read the passage carefully and you will see that the words are capable of any one of these interpretations"; and "Rome has committed herself to the rule that no dogma can be based on a passage of Scripture unless that passage has a uniform interpretation by the Fathers." Here is another categorical statement for which there is no foundation whatever. Rome has committed herself to the rule that no interpretation of Scripture opposed to the unanimous interpretation of the Fathers can be admitted, but not to the rule that no interpretation of a text of Scripture can be made the basis of a dogma, unless it is supported by the unanimous interpretation of the Fathers. Our bolsterer must be very ignorant of the subject upon which he undertakes to instruct the waverers if he is not aware of this. But how is the unfortunate waverer to suspect that the bolsterer is deceiving him here? However, it is not of so much consequence for the present question, for on the interpretation of Matt. xvi. there is unanimous consent of the Fathers. For here again the bolsterer is misleading his victim. It is true that according to some of the Fathers the text means that St. Peter himself

was the rock, and of others that St. Peter's faith (not the faith of the Apostles) was the rock; it is true also that one Father, namely, St. Augustine, in one place only of his works, gives as an alternative interpretation that Christ Himself is the rock, our Lord pointing with His finger to His own breast as He said the words. What the bolsterer, however, does not tell the waverer is that (1) the upholders of all these theories of interpretation agree that the purpose of the passage is to confer the primacy over the apostles and therefore (as Mr. Hardy admits) of his successors over the bishops and faithful of the whole Church; (2) that the difference between them is as to a question of grammar not of theological meaning; (3) that St. Augustine's suggestion that perhaps our Lord referred on this occasion to Himself is exegetically untenable, or, to put it otherwise, if Mr. Hardy had ventured to declare it in an examination paper as grammatically permissible, he would have lost marks; (4) that the difference between those who say that Peter himself was made the rock and those who say that his faith was made the rock, is like the difference between saying that such and such a battle was won by Sir Douglas Haig or by Sir Douglas Haig's military skill. Our bolsterer surely does not imagine that anyone supposes that St. Peter was made by our Lord to be a kind of Atlas whose muscles were superhumanly strengthened to bear the weight of a superincumbent church. What was strengthened was his faith, that faith by which he had confessed that our Lord was the Christ, the Son of the living God, and it was so strengthened that it might like a firm rock support the faith of those who formed the Church our Lord was about to found.

Our bolsterer put off the question of Anglican divisions till he conceived that he had sufficiently explained away the historical arguments for the divine appointment of the successors of St. Peter to their office of primacy, promising that he would return to it later on. He returns to it in his chapters entitled "Want of Uniformity," and "Other Causes of Dissatisfaction." There, after seeking to prepare the way for himself by misrepresenting the nature of some Catholic devotions, and committing himself to the comprehensive statement "I do not deny our differences; I do not deny that considerably more uniformity would seem to be desirable," he adds, "What I would point out is that the differences lie in

things which are, in nearly every case, superficial compared with the essentials of religion. Where do you find that we are all teaching different things about the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Nature of God, the necessity of penitence, and of faith in Christ as the only Saviour, and of Christian duty? . . . Take your Creeds, the only Rule of Faith recognized in the universal Church and show me what articles are omitted or contradicted in our churches?" This is very ingenious, but even the waverer himself is likely to feel as he reads it that the difference between what is taught by the High Church and the Low Church clergy, and the conceptions of doctrine and worship as carried out in their respective churches, differences which extend to practising in one set of churches as prescribed by the Catholic Church what in the other set of churches is declared to be idolatrous and soul-destroying—that all these are hardly differences which can be regarded as superficial either in themselves or "as compared with the great essentials of religion." He may ask himself, too, if this light-hearted way of regarding them is shared by those who denounce one another in no indistinct terms in their respective books and sermons. He may wonder, too, if it can be truthfully said that the divisions at present prevailing between different sections of the Anglican clergy do not extend to "teaching different things about the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Nature of God, the necessity of penitence, even of faith in Christ as the only Saviour"; or about the meaning in which the articles of the Creed are to be taken and recited in the Church Service. He may remember the commotion stirred up three years ago over what is popularly called the Kikuyu controversy. The Bishop of Zanzibar's Open Letter, which began that controversy for the mass of English readers, complained that "the Church at home was in a state of mental chaos," so widespread was the doctrinal division which raged among its clergy; and that the effect of this doctrinal chaos was disastrous to the prospects of a Church of England Mission to the natives of East Africa. In England the book entitled *Foundations* had been recently published, a book in which the seven contributors were Anglican clergymen, all Oxford men, and all holding posts of importance as Anglican religious teachers, six being theological lecturers in Oxford colleges, Keble College included,

one being the Principal of a theological seminary, another the Headmaster of a public school, and four being examining chaplains (and as such judges appointed to decide as to the orthodoxy and competence of the candidates for ordination) to the Anglican Bishops of Wakefield, St. Albans, Winchester, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, respectively. The Bishop of Zanzibar in his Open Letter gave the following summary, which is not unfair, of what is taught in this book under the corporate responsibility of these seven contributors; namely that (1) the Old Testament is the record of the religious experiences of holy men who lived roughly from the year 800 B.C. onwards [*i.e.*, from the time of King Uzziah onwards, and therefore long after the times of Moses, or David, or Samuel], some of whom wrote the so-called historical books in order to show how in their view God acted in circumstances that quite possibly, and in many cases probably, never existed; that (2) Christ's historic life opens with His Baptism at which He suddenly realized a vocation to be the last of the Jewish prophets; that (3) Christ did not come into the world to die for us, but having come He died because of the circumstances of the case; that (4) Christ was mistaken in what He taught about the Second Advent, thinking that the world would not outlive St. John; that (5) therefore He did not found a Church, nor ordain Sacraments; that (6) His body has gone to corruption; that (7) there is no authority in the Church beyond the corporate witness of the saints, many of whom are now unknown, to the spiritual and moral value of the Christian religion." Will the bolsterer affirm that opinions like these do not touch the essentials of the Christian religion? Yet so far from doing anything to set aside the writers as faithless to their trust as Anglican teachers, the only one of them whose position was affected by his part in the book was the Rev. Basil Streeter, the editor-in-chief of the volume, whom the Bishop of St. Albans did indeed privately induce to resign his examining chaplaincy, but who was forthwith, in direct consequence, appointed to a stall in his cathedral by the Bishop of Hereford. If it were necessary to pursue this point further we might point to the derivative controversies that arose out of this main one, and led to a claim from some leading Anglican clergymen that when they recited the Creeds in church they were not to be expected to take its words in their

natural sense, in other words that when they publicly affirmed that Jesus on the third day rose from the dead they were not to be taken as holding that He really rose from the dead.

Having thus euphemistically described the harmony of opinion within the Anglican communion, our bolsterer next proceeds to fortify his argument by asserting that, so far from there being "an uninterrupted unity in the Church of Rome," it is very much otherwise. "To those who know that Church from within, the Ultramontane, the Moderate, and the Modernist parties represent differences far more fundamental and divergent than anything within the English Church, differences which nothing but a miracle of grace can ever compose." Does this *tu quoque* impress the waverer? or does it make him reflect that, even if it were so, it would not prove that the Anglican Church was the home of unity; but at best would tend to prove that there is no home of religious unity on earth, and to suggest the further inference that, if the Christian religion has been left by God in such a state of hopeless uncertainty, there can be no good in it to make it worthy of our adherence. But let the waverer be assured that there is no foundation whatever for this suggestion that the communion of the Catholic Church is torn by divisions like the Anglican Church. Let him, if he has Catholic friends in whom he has confidence, ask them if that is or is not their experience, and they will have no difficulty in assuring him that it is not. It may be true that there are living among the Catholics some false brethren who hold clandestinely the anti-Christian doctrines of Modernism. But they are condemned and they know it. If they conceal their false beliefs, even going to the length of perjuring themselves by making public professions of faith in what they secretly disbelieve, the ecclesiastical authorities may sometimes fail to detect them, and they may continue to pose as Catholics. For that the authorities cannot be held responsible, for that it must leave it to God to judge them and award them the due punishment for their hypocrisy, nor do they in any way impair the unity prevailing in the Church itself. It is not with us as it is in the Anglican Church, where persons who hold such opinions can profess them openly and even get promoted to posts of the highest responsibility.

But the waverer's attention should also be called to the

unfair and downright dishonest method adopted by the bolsterer in his endeavour to fix this and other charges on the Catholic Church, especially on the converts in its ranks, who are declared in a few sweeping phrases to be a class noticeable for the steady way in which they deteriorate after quitting the Anglican fold. This is an allegation for which there is not a shred of real evidence, indeed for the exact opposite of which there is overwhelming evidence; and they are not a class which lies out of sight. Nowadays they are to be seen on every side, and it is not too much to claim for them that they are generally respected by those intimate with them, whether Catholics or Protestants. But what the bolsterer does is to cite the supposed testimony of a few individuals, who have after reception into the Church become perverts. The testimony of such persons is in itself suspect, and the suspicion grows as one reads their letters, one of which is given in full and is evidently meant to be the *pièce de resistance* of the book. His charges are quite indefinite. His style convicts him of being one of those morbid and emotional persons whose testimony no one trusts, but as no name is given it is impossible to check his statements, except in so far as one knows from other sources that they are unfounded; as one does, for instance, in regard to the monstrous charge, which no gentleman would have allowed himself to make in this anonymous way, against the good reputation of the Collegio Beda.

There are many other misrepresentations in the book concerning which had we the space we should like to make a few comments. Indeed it would hardly be excessive to say that there is hardly a line in it from cover to cover which is free from gross and calculated misstatement. But we have perhaps said enough to warn off the waverers whose capture is intended from an onslaught quite unworthy of their attention or their trust.

One final remark, however, we must make. In the chapter entitled "Last Words," the bolsterer pictures to himself many a man saying "I am not a student; I simply want to know what are the rights of the matter, without having to wade through treatises or weigh evidence," and adds, "This is a very tantalizing condition to deal with, because persons who have not time or inclination for study [he should have added,

or opportunity or capacity for learned and intricate study] should be content to accept the faith in which they are brought up." Here we have set down the practical conclusion to which if there were any justification for the bolsterer's claim to exercise his peculiar art on the souls of the unsettled, the latter would be logically driven. It is well therefore to consider what this conclusion comes to. It comes to this that a dissenter if not learned ought always to remain a dissenter, and the Anglican vicar ought not to try and lead him into the Anglican communion; that a Buddhist ought always to remain a Buddhist in spite of all the endeavours of the Christian missionary to convert him, in short that the missionary's labours for which he leaves his own country are labours displeasing in God's eyes. It means that our Lord misdescribed what was the only rational effect of the Gospel preaching when He gave as the sign of it that "the poor have the gospel preached to them," that He ought rather to have said "the rich and the learned have the gospel preached to them"; it means that He grossly misled His Apostles and their successors when He said to them, "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." Fortunately there is a way out of this disastrous inference which would divert us all from the way our Lord has indicated alike to the missionary and to His disciples. Although the simple and comparatively uneducated are hopelessly at sea when they give heed to the subtle sophisms of the bolsterer, nature aided by grace has endowed them often with an instinct for truth and a fund of common sense, which enable them to see evidence for the truth more clearly, and grasp it more firmly, when it is set before them in the simple explanations of the Church's teaching, than do the wise and learned of this world, misled as these latter often are by an unwholesome bias, at the service of which their specious erudition too easily places itself. It is what our Lord Himself meant when He thanked His Father that He had "hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes."

S. F. S.

HIDDEN GARDENS

THE GARDENER.

EASTER came and with it my chance to breathe. Breathing is a difficult matter in a city, so I left it for a county, the finest in this isle, where my lungs could rid themselves of town dust and my eyes rest on the good and comforting things of my childhood. I found men and women grown as sun and wind had shaped them, each harbouring a garden hedged about, wherein grew the rare flowers of their individuality.

I arrived at Horseferry at seven o'clock on Maundy Thursday and took a night's lodging with a couple in a little house at the new end of the village. These people were, I think, an ill-assorted pair. The man was, by nature, refined and delicate-looking, but he bore himself with an air of tired resignation. He was a bookseller's clerk, he told me, and had some ideas of the world. He could study a map intelligently and could calculate mileage by a given scale. He had an immense chart of the British fighting front on the kitchen wall, and told me of his only son in the trenches at La Bassee in words so simple and well-chosen that my heart went out to him, and I sent up a thought of thanksgiving that he had this consolation, this spot where the sparse flowers of his mind might grow in peace.

His wife was a shock to me. Tall, black-haired, her teeth rotting visibly, I found her voice like a gimlet in my tired ears. Her speech was no redeeming country drawl, but the sharp cockney of the city I had lately left. My heart sank as she returned from the preparation of my room and invited me to sit with them. Then, as if unable to contain herself any longer—though she in no way ceased her senseless chatter—she showed me her son's photograph. I looked into her eyes for a moment. What I saw there was enough to wipe out all the evil impressions she had made on my mind, for she had let me peep at her green spot, hidden in a dry and aching waste—a wilderness worse than her man's, I think, because of her want of mentality.

"'Ere's 'is likeness, took at Haldershot just after 'e joined

up," she said. I looked at and admired the plump-faced, deadly-average youth.

"You must tell me about him. What is his trade?" I asked.

"Well!" went on his mother, "I'm disappointed in 'is work. I wanted 'im ter be a builder; 'is Dad could 'a got 'im into a good job at the Wells, but 'e must go an' be a gard'ner. Lorst 'is chance, I say."

"He was always fond of flowers," said the father, by way of excuse.

"Garn!" she cried in shrill protest. "You're always abackin' 'im up. Fair stood in 'is way, you 'ave. D'yer think I want 'im dreamin' abaht the place like you do? 'E'll never earn more 'an a pahnd a week nah, an' workin' 'ard from mornin' to night to git it. If 'e'd been in the buildin', 'e'd 'ave been 'is own master before 'e was forty. I only give in to 'im to see 'im 'appy."

"Well, after all, mother, that's what we want, isn't it?" said her husband soothingly.

I saw the corners of her repulsive mouth beginning to droop, so for a time I looked at the walls. The boy was in evidence everywhere—from the petticoat stage up to early youth—and apparently every certificate he had ever been given at school was framed and hung there. They made that stuffy kitchen with its unholy stove which hid the fire and yet roasted us, a hallowed place. There is no sight so moving, no thought so soul-stirring, as that of the entire devotion of a life to the love and service of another. It is a matter of wonderful interest for a third person. There are so many unexpected things shown unawares, such a hoard of beautiful acts and words—the many-sided expressions of the art of loving—for a lover of life to study; there is, moreover, such a direct benefit to the student, though he may not consciously experience it. All these things I felt and saw in that kitchen, where a sweet-natured patience and a wild, undisciplined love had united forces to produce them.

When the woman spoke again it was in her normal voice.

"I sit and clean up these souvenirs 'e sent me w'en I've got nothink to do and nothink to think abaht."

She showed me with pride a collection of bullets, English, French and German, pieces of shell, brass and aluminium, a dagger with a cross-shaped hilt, made from aeroplane darts, all polished as loving fingers alone could polish them. They

had all been carefully ticketed with dates and places of finding by the lad himself.

"It's a bleedin' shame the way they sent 'im 'ome. I 'ad ter give 'im a bath o' disaffectin'!" she announced, with something of an air of triumph. "'E didn't 'arf cheer w'en 'e got in." Then she plunged into intimate details at top speed. It was only with difficulty that her husband reined her in.

I was grateful to these people for showing me the best that was in them. They guided me round the little oasis which they shared till I had seen it from every point of view. They would have me believe that there was nothing else to see and I was glad to fall in with this, their wordless request. It was to me a subtle compliment that they had expected me to understand them from the first, and I hope humbly that I have done so. If their gardener be spared, I do not doubt that he will reclaim more and more of their arid souls till no more waste be left. They may, one day, be vouchsafed a glimpse of the truth and may come to understand his calling and grieve at it no longer.

THE EVANGELIST.

Horseferry is an ugly, modern place and I did not linger in it, but took the Ryderbridge road, for I knew that it would lead me to Swallowfield and Longhurst, the destination I had planned beforehand. A fine rain began to fall, enough to wash the dust of motors from the hedges and to pearl the edges of the leaves and the cups of the flowers. My way took me past Martin's Mount, on the brow of which stood my old school. I stopped at a cottage and asked for water. I was served by an old man. As I stood drinking, I pointed to the great red-brick barrack on the opposite hill and said:

"I was at school there once."

"An' did you larn the Roman Catholic religion there?" asked the old man.

"I did," said I.

There was a silence and I took my leave. At the foot of the hill I found the little stream I knew and loved well, with daffodils on its banks. I climbed down by the bridge and drank once more for joy at meeting it. As I scrambled up to the road again I found the old man from the cottage standing by my satchel.

"What, drinking again?" said he.

I nodded.

"You must be careful. The water's all right here, but a hundred yards down yonder there's a sewage farm right against it."

I recalled with a shock almost guilty, the warning of a great theologian who said that it was when one felt nearest Heaven that one had to look out for the Pit.

"Were you ever taught the Word up at that nunnery yonder?" he asked, with a look of keen curiosity.

"Plenty of it every day," I replied.

"I asked ye that because we think round 'ere that Catholics don't use the Bible. I'm a converted man, Miss. Come one day, years ago, when I was taken ill. Cut down in the midst of me sins and left alone I was too. I 'ad a vision then. Never been the same man since."

Now, thought I, here am I caught by an itinerant Bible-thumper. I began to wish him at the back of God-speed, for I knew by the glint of his eye and his inviting smile that the slightest pumping on my part would produce a flood of texts. I saved the situation by silence.

"I'm a munition worker now, at Woolwich, but I belong to these parts. The boys call me 'Religious Jimmy' because I speaks to 'em sometimes of the Word. It's like that, you can't keep it to yourself. The boys don't take it well of me when I speaks to 'em. They ups and mocks me. F'r instance, I tell 'em, the Word is milk and 'oney to them as reads it, and they tell me they likes 'oney out the pot best."

Poor old man! He was evidently one of those who think the Bible food and drink for infants and adults alike. To feed the pure Word to "the boys," all untrained and unable to read sense into it is equal to pouring strong drink down the throat of a sucking babe. Jimmy called back my wandering thoughts.

"D'you know I never went to school. I don't know how to write now, but I can read and print words same as they look in books."

"Who taught you to read?" I asked.

"The great Schoolmaster. I bought a spelling book after my conversion and larnt my letters with 'im always at my elbow. I was two good years larnin' to read, but I done it and now I can lead a service an' give out the 'ymns. But it was for the Word I done it."

The man's face shone with sincerity. I began to regret my hasty judgment of him. After all, he had not encompassed me with texts and his language had been moderate. How many working men and women, I asked myself reproachfully, would grind at a spelling book after the day's work was done in order to be able to read God's Word, and for two years? I began to think him a fine man and I believe I was right.

He turned a swift movement towards the stream.

"Quick! There's a kingfisher. Ain't 'ad a shot at one for years! Took all our guns, they 'ave, for fear we'd shoot the German invaders."

I was glad I had waited, for this streak of the Old Adam was a reward in itself. I was thankful too, that the blue bird was so fleet of wing. Then a carter came along and hailed Jimmy and I slipped up into the woods, for the rain was coming down again.

THE GENTLE WIDOW.

As I came down Swallowfield High Street about four o'clock I began to tremble with weariness, for I was out of training for walking. I found all places of refreshment closed. I had not the moral courage to sit down on the kerb and brew my own cup of tea, so I wandered down Stone Street. There are some fine old houses there. Out of the window of one of them an old lady smiled at me. I took heart and tapped on her door. It opened into her kitchen.

"Can you tell me of anyone who will make me some tea?" I asked.

She looked at my livid face.

"You shall have it here," she said.

I murmured my grateful thanks and sank to rest on a couch. My head was a trifle light with fatigue. My brain hung in space for a while as I have known it do after the inhalation of tobacco. My eyes noted vaguely a deep ingle with faded red-cushioned seats and timber eighteen inches square where we now have thin wainscoting. A heavy, rough-hewn main beam divided the ceiling.

My hostess was alone. She smiled on me occasionally, but she did not talk. I could see that she was short-sighted, for she peered at everything through her glasses as though trying to pierce a fog. She was small and fairly slender, with a sleek head that had been golden, but which had faded

slowly to silver. Her face was broad and kindly and her smile humorous. She was extraordinarily gentle. Her voice, her manners, the way she made up the fire, all these actions were quiet and repressed, though not servile. It was a self-possessed gentleness. I could see she had ruled by it.

"Come now and take your tea," was her soft invitation. I came gladly, striving to pull together my scattered wits. Tea was a silent meal, but afterwards, when I had smoked for a little while, my weariness suddenly left me. I do not think I spoke or moved, but Mrs. Dales knew, by some fine perception peculiar to her, that I could now talk.

"Are you staying in Swallowfield to-night?" she asked.

"Yes, but I must wait till the inns open to find a room."

"You will find them all full, it being Easter. You just stop with me. My son who lived with me has gone to the war. You can have his room."

I thanked her and asked if she had lived all her life in Swallowfield.

"No. I was born and bred at Buckets, close to Martin's Mount. We were there long before the station was built."

"Why, I was at school at Martin's Mount, at the convent on the hill," I exclaimed.

"I went to the village school till I was old enough to go to the Academy at Ryderbridge."

Her voice was like a caress to my tired senses, therefore, I interrupted no more, but lit another cigarette and listened.

"When I married, my man took the Brookfield Farm. It was two hundred and fifty acres. There used to be some work then, for all our hands lived with us. Bread-making was the fullest day. I used to get up at four that morning. The yeast used to come from the beer, for I brewed too, and I'd make as many as fifty, sometimes seventy loaves in a day. It was a fine sight to see the table covered with golden-crust bread. Oh! but there were mouths to eat it. Then at pig-killing time we had tubs and tubs of pork in the back kitchen and hams in the chimney. There was cider-making too. The press was in the barn near the house, and for days we could only breathe apples. We used to put up twenty casks of that. It was a business feeding it, for if you don't feed your cider it turns hard and sour. We fed ours with sugar candy, and it did eat a lot, but there are some folk who say there is nothing like a young barn rat or a piece of carrion for satisfying cider."

My flesh began to creep and I fidgetted a little. Mrs. Dales' reminiscences were interrupted by the arrival of another of her sons. His name was Harold and he was a plumber. He was gentle and simple like his mother, but he lacked her firmness and self-possession. He spoke with the soft, rounded drawl of his county. Though close on forty, and therefore eligible for military service, he was still his mother's baby. The fact that his group was to be called up the following week had brought him as near despair as his nature would allow. I think he would have been a conscientious objector had he known how to do it, but he lacked town training and, probably, had never heard of a debating society. He sat very quietly apart, only moaning a few words now and then in his feeble way.

At supper I revived him with Bovril out of my satchel. He took such good heart from his surroundings that he took his cap off and lit his pipe and sat by the fire with us.

"It's 'aard on a man nigh on forty year to 'ave to turn to and be ordered about by a quackin' drill sergeant," he admitted. "It's sleepin' 'aard and livin' 'aard and eatin' 'aard by w'aat Oi've 'eard, an' puddles fer a bed," he added, with a shudder.

His mother waited wisely till the smoking had soothed him a little, then she said:

"You're thinking too much of it, Harold. You've been stuffed with stories by the lads because you've let them see you don't like soldiering."

Harold's wistful, helpless glance stole to his mother's face. Patient sympathy was there in plenty. He drew upon it now with as complete an assurance as, when a cuddling babe, he had taken both life and food from her.

"Recruitin' officer says it'll make a man o' me. W'en a person gets ter be forty 'e's as much a man as 'e'll ever be. Oi wish you could be somew'eres about, mother, w'en I go."

He rose and kissed her and went out without another word.

DORA JOHNSON.

A GERMAN VINDICATION OF BELGIUM

NOTHING is more difficult than to get at the truth about current events in war-time. The wildest rumours are readily believed. Strange legends obtain currency and often survive for years. The fact that official statements on both sides always try to put the best face on what has happened, that there is a more or less rigid censorship, and that much information is deliberately suppressed, gives a wide scope for mere conjecture, the results of which are freely accepted by many as beyond doubt. Add to this that in the excitement of the time and under the stress of war, even those who witness great events are liable to give very divergent accounts of what has happened.

Stories like those of the Russian army from Archangel and the "angels of Mons" exemplify one kind of fiction that is readily accepted in war-time. But there is another class of false rumours and reports which is not so harmless. There are tales of atrocities, false or exaggerated, which arouse hate and provoke reprisals. When the German army overran Belgium, almost from the outset of the campaign the German newspapers were full of stories of irregular methods of warfare adopted by the Belgian people and horrible atrocities committed by them on isolated German scouts who fell into their hands, and on the German wounded. German refugees, who left Belgium by the eastern frontier, told of attacks by Belgian mobs on men, women and children, and there was even one detailed account of how German women had been dragged from a train, stripped naked, and torn to pieces by an excited mob. Then came tales of treacherous attacks on the German troops by Belgian civilians, generally described as "being led by their curé." There were accounts of German soldiers being hospitably received by the Belgians on whom they were billeted, and then poisoned, or otherwise murdered. There were tales of Belgian women gouging out the eyes of the wounded, and a story of a number of wounded being murdered in a Belgian hospital. In many cases these stories were told with particulars of times and place, and purported to be related by eye-witnesses. They appeared in

letters of soldiers from the front, or they were told by wounded men, or their escorts, coming back over the German frontier. They appeared in newspapers all over Germany—papers of every kind. Even the great Catholic daily paper of Cologne, the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, devoted whole columns to them. It had previously published several articles on the alleged atrocities committed by the Belgians on German civilians.

When the German army crossed the frontier, it did not at first expect to meet with armed resistance from the Belgians. General von Emmich, as he marched on Liège, distributed a proclamation, in which he declared that the German army was reluctantly compelled to make its way through Belgium, but that there was no hostility to the people, that there would be no requisitions, and that all the army needed would be paid for in coin. The proclamation reminded the Belgians that Germans and Belgians had fought side by side at Waterloo. It was something of a surprise for the soldiers when they found that their march was opposed. Their military manuals and the French phrase-books distributed to officers and sergeants, had warned them to expect that when they arrived in France they would have to deal with the irregular and, as they were termed, "treacherous" enterprises of *franc-tireurs*, and the letters and narratives of German officers and soldiers show that as soon as resistance began in Belgium they were continually haunted by the idea of possible treachery and sudden attacks by armed civilians. There is, as it happens, no evidence that in the first stage of the war the Belgian civil population took any serious part in the fighting. They had been warned from every pulpit in Eastern Belgium on the first Sunday of the war that they must leave the defence of the country entirely in the hands of the regular army. It is quite possible that here and there ardent patriots took up arms, despite this prohibition, but there is evidence that in some cases, where the Germans believed they had been attacked by armed civilians, they really had to deal with Belgian regulars.

However, stories of all kinds of atrocities committed by the Belgians were widely believed in the German army and at home in Germany in the first weeks of the war. There is no doubt the result was that these fictions largely contributed to the outbursts of savagery on the part of the invaders that marked the latter part of August, 1914. The worst of

atrocities-mongering is that it leads to reprisals which are themselves atrocities. Among the many wise sayings of the late Lord Roberts, not the least worthy of him was his protest against the hawking about of atrocity stories, which is to be found in almost the last words he ever wrote. We have seen that the German press accepted the Belgian atrocity stories. They obtained an official sanction when, on September 8, 1914, the German press published a letter from the Emperor William to President Wilson, in which the Kaiser, replying to American strictures on the conduct of the German army in Belgium, declared that any severe measures that had been taken were the unfortunate result of having to protect the lives of the soldiers by the vigorous repression of a warfare carried on by the civil population and characterized by atrocious cruelties.

By this time, however, in certain quarters in Germany doubts were already arising as to the truth of the terrible stories that came from Belgium. Some of the Berlin papers had, in commenting on these stories, dwelt on the fact that the Belgian priests seemed to be continually appearing as the inspirers and leaders in acts of treachery and cruelty against the German troops. One newspaper, indeed, said that this was what might have been expected, suggesting that the Catholic priesthood had a natural inclination for treacherous murder, and pointing to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew as an historical instance of this kind of thing on a large scale. The Catholic press of Germany, led by the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, protested against these comments, and asked if insults of this kind were to be levelled at the Catholic priesthood at a moment when hundreds of thousands of German Catholics were fighting bravely for the Fatherland? It further asked if, just as the war of 1870 had been made by Bismarck a prelude to the Kulturkampf, the war of 1914 was to be followed by further troubles of the same kind. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, though it had published so many of the earlier reports, was already beginning to doubt, and becoming critical. It had suggested that some of the stories looked very improbable, on account of the extraordinary conduct attributed to the Belgian priests. Two days after the Kaiser's letter to President Wilson was published, the *Volkszeitung*, in its leading article, ventured to criticize that document:

From what source [it said] does our Emperor draw his information as to these incidents? Is it from the newspaper articles,

which we have all been reading? Or has the High Command of the army given him precise details of particular cases? The matter is too serious for us to accept the former supposition. But if our Emperor has been informed by undoubted evidence, in this case no one will be more anxious than we Catholics are for the publication of this evidence of actions such as, like everyone else, we execrate and denounce. For it is important that the whole clergy should not be the object of suspicion and even of ill-will, because perhaps some of its members, whose fault is all the greater on account of their calling and their education, may have gravely sinned.

The article then went on to point out that in the absence of any precise evidence it was very difficult to believe in the alleged guilt of the priests, and especially in their complicity in atrocities committed on the wounded. The reply was an order by General von Held, Military Governor of Cologne, suspending the publication of the newspaper for one day, and characterizing the article as a criticism of the Kaiser's protest which would be hailed with joy in the enemy countries.

Instead of putting an end to the criticism of the atrocity story, the temporary suppression of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* happily led to the defence of the Belgian priests in the first instance, and indirectly of the Belgian people, being taken up in a very effective way by a Catholic association which has its centre at Cologne, the well-known *Pax Verein*.¹

Founded in the days of the Bismarckian Kulturkampf, its first object had been to work for peace for the Church in Germany through the medium of the press. It was this Association that took up the investigation of the terrible stories that were arriving from Belgium and northern France. The state of war has of course, from the first moment, made it impossible for me to correspond with Canon Hubner, the press secretary of the *Pax Verein*, and I know of its wisely directed and useful activity in the case of Belgium only through a book published at Lausanne a few months ago, the work of a Belgian writer, M. Fernand Van Langenhove, *Comment naît un Cycle de Légendes—Franc-tireurs et Atrocités en Belgique*.² M. Van Langenhove devotes a great part of his work to reprinting atrocity stories published in the German press, the inquiries addressed by the *Pax Verein* on the subject of them, to German officials, Generals and other officers in the districts where the events were alleged to have

¹ For a description of this and other Catholic News Agencies, see *International Catholic Defence* (C.T.S. : 1d.); also *THE MONTH*, Jan. 1914, p. 94.

² Recently translated and published in England as *Growth of a Legend*, Putnam's Sons, London.

occurred, and the replies received to these inquiries. In many cases the original statement was so vague that it was impossible to put it to the test, but wherever names and places were mentioned an inquiry was made, with the result that in case after case the atrocity story proved to be a fiction.

Before giving some examples of these horrible stories and their complete refutation, let us note that in all wars and in all countries such stories bear a strange family likeness. In 1899, when the crowded trains of refugees from the Boer Republics arrived in Natal, the newspapers published terrible accounts given by the fugitives of the outrages endured by British subjects as they left the Transvaal. One story told of two Englishmen shot in the Market Square at Harrismith by a Boer court martial because they would not bear arms against their fellow-countrymen. A London illustrated paper even published a full-page picture of the execution which never took place, for the two alleged victims not only reached Cape Colony, but fought on our side in the war that followed. In 1914 we have the stories told by the German refugees from Belgium. Probably those who told them believed them. They were in a panic—ready to believe anything. They had not seen the outrages, but they had been told of them. The whole foundation of the stories was that in some places Belgians of the loafer and corner-boy class had used insulting expressions. Again, everyone will remember how, in 1914, stories were freely circulated of Belgian children arriving in England with their hands cut off by German soldiers. At the time, I was told that there were such cases in London. An inquiry of the Belgian Reception Committee brought the reply that they knew of no such case. Precisely the same stories were told in Germany of German families arriving from the Belgian frontier bringing with them their children whose hands had been cut off by the Belgians. Here, too, the story was a fiction. It is hard to understand how it was ever believed anywhere. One might imagine a dead child being shown with its hands cut off, but it is absurd to imagine a child's hands being cut off and the child surviving for many minutes. For even surgical amputation of one hand means that the big artery of the arm must be dealt with skilfully and rapidly unless the subject of the operation is to bleed to death. But the story was believed in Germany of the Belgians, as it was believed in other countries of the Germans. Has not a famous cartoonist drawn a picture which was circu-

lated by thousands, showing the Kaiser's nightmare dream of scores of little children holding up their stumps of arms with the hands gone!

There was another story in September, 1914, that there were many cases in the London hospitals of our wounded soldiers who had been blinded, by having their eyes gouged out by fiendish enemies, as they lay helpless on the ground. The story was contradicted by the Press Bureau, on information received from the hospitals. But precisely the same story was widely circulated in Germany, and in this case it was frequently alleged that it was Belgian women who had gouged out the eyes of the unfortunate German wounded. In December, 1914, several German papers published a statement that in the hospitals of Hanover and Berlin there were soldiers who had suffered this cruel outrage. The directors of these hospitals, in reply to an inquiry, said that no such case was known to them. It was stated that at Aachen a whole ward in a hospital was full of wounded men whose eyes had been put out. In reply to an inquiry, the chief surgeon of the hospital, who, by the way, was a celebrated oculist, wrote on September 30, 1914:

In none of the hospitals of Aachen is there "a ward full of wounded men whose eyes have been put out," and to my knowledge there has absolutely been no case of this kind at Aachen.

But it seems almost impossible to kill a lie of this kind once it has been started. In October the following strange story, told by a soldier, was being circulated in the German press:

I paid a visit to an eye-hospital in the Stephan-strasse at Aachen. A sister led me into a ward with its windows darkened, which they called "the ward of the dead." There were 28 soldiers there whose eyes had been gouged out. As I entered they cried out in tones of misery and rage:—"Kill us, if you are a good comrade!"

A correspondent of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* visited the hospital, and told the story to the chief surgeon, Dr. Vüllers. In its issue of October 28, 1914, the *Volkszeitung* thus relates what follows:

"Well," said he, "I shall show you this terrible ward." We passed through the door of one of the wards. The wounded seemed to be doing well. We visited a second and a third. At last, another door opened. There was a ward with shaded light com-

ing through dark window-blinds. The doctor touched a switch, and the electric light shone out. "Does that hurt your eyes?" he asked. "No, doctor," replied the patients. "Did they gouge out your eyes in Belgium?" The wounded men burst out into laughter. We passed through other wards. There was much misery, but it was only in very exceptional cases that both eyes had been lost. "You have seen for yourself," said the doctor, "and if you publish what you have seen, you can add that my colleague, Dr. Thier, and myself have never had to treat even one soldier whose eyes had been put out."

But almost immediately a story of the same kind was told of the eye-hospital at Bonn. Its chief, Professor Kuhn, replied in a letter published in the *Volkszeitung*, October 25, 1914:

In reply to your letter of the 30th instant, I hasten to inform you that I have never seen any men blinded by their eyes being gouged out in Belgium. I have, however, had to deal with many who, as the result of wounds caused either by bullets or by bursting shells, had lost their sight. The story that has been told to you is therefore a fable.

It would be easy to multiply quotations of this kind. Suffice it to say that a circular inquiry sent by the *Pax Verein* to all the military hospitals, resulted in assurance after assurance that the story of the wounded having had their eyes gouged out was nothing but a fiction. But this fiction had been widely circulated, and often with precise details and the names of witnesses. The action of the *Pax Verein* has absolutely cleared Belgian people of a horrible calumny.

Let us turn to another class of atrocity stories. In September, 1914, a Badese paper, published at Harnberg in the Black Forest, printed a letter from a soldier at the front, Adolf Schmidt, the son of a business man in the town, who was serving as a non-commissioned officer in the 14th Army Corps in France. Schmidt told how with a party of 36 men he was received very politely by the curé of a village in the Vosges, who invited the Germans into his house and offered them coffee. Schmidt, as soon as he tasted it, knew there was something mixed in it, and prevented the others from touching it. An analysis by a doctor showed it was poisoned with strychnine, and next day the priest and his servant, who had made the coffee, were shot in front of the church. The Bishop of Freiburg took the matter up, and in reply to his inquiry, Colonel von Brauchitsch, Chief of the Staff of the

14th Army Corps, replied that Adolf Schmidt, on being interrogated, had confessed that nothing of the kind had happened, and that the letter he had written to his parents was a lie from beginning to end.

A letter from a non-commissioned officer named Tillmanns went the round of the German press in September, 1914, in which he said:

Yesterday evening a wounded soldier of the Prussian Guard was carried into a village church. Shortly after our battery received orders to open fire on the village and destroy the inhabitants, because the curé of the place had cut the throat of a wounded man.

This seems precise enough. The sergeant tells how *his battery* opened fire to destroy the village, and why this was done. One would suppose that the story of the murder was communicated to the men by their officers. But a reply to the *Pax Verein's* inquiries from the German War Office (Dec. 17, 1914), states that Sergeant Tillmanns, on being examined on oath, said that he had only heard the story of the murder by the curé from some infantry soldiers, and believed them because some artillery had been firing on the village. He could not give the names of his informants, or even the number of the regiment. The whole thing was a baseless lie.

In large numbers of these stories the curé appears as the villain of the piece. Thus, in an article published in a Dusseldorf paper, it was said that the curé of Ochamps in the Ardennes had been executed with his sacristan for firing on the German troops with a machine gun from the tower of his church. In reply to inquiries, the German War Office, on February 8, 1915, replies: "The story is untrue, and the curé, Theophile Dujardin, is alive and well at Ochamps, where he has been parish priest for twenty years." When the village was occupied, he and the sacristan had for a short time been arrested as hostages and then released.

Other stories relate to priests using wireless installations or concealed telephones for treacherous purposes. One of these appeared in two forms. In August, 1914, it was stated that a wireless telegraph station on the roof of the seminary at Metz had been sending information as to German movements to the French, and the Rector of the seminary had been executed. This story was promptly denied by the Berlin

War Office. It reappeared in the German press some months later, and this time it was rightly or wrongly stated to be based on information published in the London *Daily Mail*. It was said that a wireless telegraph station had been discovered on the roof of a Jesuit College at Metz, where the Jesuits have not had a college at any time during the last thirty years. There was another story published at Leipzig in October, 1914, of a wireless installation having been intercepted at work on the roof of the seminary at Bastogne. In reply to inquiries, the German officer commanding the troops who occupied the place, replied that there was a wireless apparatus in the seminary used for teaching in the science course, but that when the place was occupied by the Germans the apparatus was not in working order. Here is a typical telephone story in a letter written by a German soldier from Roye in France:

Yesterday the curé of a town near here was hanged by our troops. He had hidden behind some barrels in his wine cellar a telephone apparatus, with which he could communicate with the enemy. On All Souls' Day, while a religious service for our troops was being celebrated in the church, he informed the French and they immediately bombarded the place with heavy artillery and caused us some loss.

In reply to an inquiry the Berlin War Office replied that nothing of the kind had happened.

An ugly feature of these German stories is that they betray undoubted hostility to the Belgian and French priests, and they certainly were not written to Catholic homes. In all armies soldiers writing home from the front sometimes indulge in what may be called "romancing." I heard from an English officer how in censoring the letters of his men he found one in which the writer described how he had taken part in a brilliant bayonet charge. He said to the man, "Why do you write this kind of thing? You know we have never been in a bayonet charge." And the reply was, "Of course I know it, Sir, but that is the *kind of thing they like to read at home*." It would seem that there are some German homes where they like to read about atrocities committed by Catholic priests.

M. Van Langenhove quotes from the narratives of German officers several instances of priests being arrested on false charges and released. In some cases they had narrow escapes of being unjustly condemned to death. He is natur-

ally chiefly interested in defending the fair fame of his fellow-countrymen, and he is amply justified in his conclusion that the investigations conducted by the *Pax Verein* have absolutely refuted the accusations of treachery, cruelty and murder laid to the charge of the Belgian priests and people in the first months of the war. This after all is the most important matter. He seems to be equally anxious to prove that none of the civil population of Belgium engaged in irregular warfare against the invaders. He has proved that there was no wide-spread guerilla warfare, but the evidence he brings does not exclude some possible cases of civilians taking part in the operations. The military law not only of Germany but also of all the great powers of the Continent puts the ban of outlawry on such irregular combatants. The British military code on the other hand fully accepts the most generous interpretation of the Hague Rules which recognize the right of the citizen to assist in the defence of his country.¹ M. Van Langenhove would no doubt also accept this as the sound view of the matter, and if he is so anxious to show that irregular warfare by civilians was non-existent in Belgium, it is because such action was forbidden by the Belgian Government, and also perhaps because the records of the guerilla warfare of the *Franc-tireurs* in France in 1870-71 was not a wholly creditable one.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

¹ *Land Warfare. An Exposition of the Laws and Usages of War on Land for the guidance of Officers of His Majesty's Army.* (Officially published). "§ 30. The rules which affect a *levée en masse* should be generously interpreted. The first duty of a citizen is to defend his country, and provided he does so loyally he should not be treated as a marauder or a criminal."—"§ 34. The privileges granted by the Hague Rules apply whether these combatants are acting in immediate combination with a regular army or separate from it."

"AFFLICTIONS"

IT is well known that according to the commonly received account of the battle of Hastings "the English spent the preceding night in drinking and singing, the Normans in prayer and confession of their sins."¹ To quote the actual words of one of the best informed of the chroniclers, Maitre Wace, in the *Roman de Rou*—

E li Normant e li Franceis
Tote nuit firent oreisons
E furent en afflictions.²

"The Normans and the French said their prayers the whole night and were in afflictions"; or, as the same chronicler records more in detail a little further on—

Veilles font e afflictions
E lor privees oreisons,
Salmes dient e misereles,
Letanies e kirieles,
Deu requierent e merci crient
Paternostres e messes dient.³

"They keep vigils and practise afflictions and their private prayers; they recite psalms and *misereres*, litanies and *Kyrie eleisons*, they call upon God and cry for mercy, they say *pater nosters* and Masses." But what were these "afflictions"? It is natural to conjecture that the word is a generic term and embraces all kinds of acts of mortification. This may be so, but while it would perhaps be rash altogether to reject the wider connotation, there can, I think, be no doubt that to the readers of Wace's rhymed chronicle (he wrote in the middle of the twelfth century) one quite definite penitential exercise would have been suggested, the practice, that is, of repeated genuflexions. It may be worth while to explain that I was first led to this conclusion by certain passages in the *Miracles de Notre Dame* of Gautier de Coincy, to be quoted later; but I have since noticed that the one definite meaning assigned to *afflictions* in Godefroy's great Lexicon of Old French is simply "genuflexions." From the *Roman de Rou* itself Godefroy quotes:

Devant le mestre autel fist mainte aficion⁴

¹ Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, III. 450.

² *Roman de Rou*, II. 7362—7364.

³ *Ibid.* II. 7395—7400.

⁴ *Ibid.* I. 3073.

an example which does not seem to admit of any but the technical sense, for one cannot easily imagine a number of miscellaneous works of penance being practised in a public church before the high altar. No doubt there are many passages in old French literature of the same date from which no clear inference can be drawn. Wace, in his poem *La Conceptions Nostre Dame*, tells us how Joachim and Anne "set about their prayers and performed great afflictions."

Dont se mirent a orisons
E firent granz afflictions.¹

Similarly Marie de France, at about the same date, in her account of the Purgatory of St. Patrick, tells us that the Saint

Nuit et jur fu en oraisons
En veilles, en afflicciuns
En jeunes e en tristur.²

But what is of more practical interest to us is the case of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The cleric, Garnier de Pont Saint Maxence, in the valuable *Life of the Saint* which he had completed about the year 1176, makes more than one reference to the practice of the great archbishop in making genuflexions. For example—

Par un jor, quant mult fu penez en oreisun
Et par devant l'alter jut en affliction
Cum estait en prière, od grant devotun.³

From the context and from other examples, the "lying in affliction" before the altar is clearly to be interpreted as a prostration. This becomes particularly plain from the account which is given of an incident referred to by various other biographers of the Saint. During the holy martyr's retirement at Pontigny we learn from his sturdy henchman, Grim, that he was "worn out by his persistence in prayer and knee bending," and, a little further on, the same authority records that the Saint was wont to spend the third part of the night *in genuum curvatione et oratione* (in knee bending and prayer).⁴ This by itself might still leave room for doubt, were it not that Garnier tells us that "he took so many 'afflictions' that

¹ Wace, *La Conceptions Nostre Dame*, ed. Mancel et Tributien, Caen, 1842, p. 34; and cf. *Ibid.* p. 25.

² Marie de France, *L'Espurgatoire Saint Patriz*. Ed. Jenkins, ll. 277—279, and cf. ll. 460—463.

³ *Vie de S. Thomas le Martyr*, Ed. Hippeau, ll. 3771—3773.

⁴ Robertson, *Materials* (in Rolls Series), Vol. II. pp. 413 and 418.

for a third part of the night he would not desist." ¹ Seeing that Garnier further explains that during this part of the time the archbishop's chaplain, Robert, had been allowed to take his rest, but that the Saint then woke him, and putting a discipline into his hand bade him use it upon his (St. Thomas's) own back, we can have no doubt that the "afflictions" previously performed were not of such a nature as to disturb the repose of the chaplain who shared his room.² They were, in fact, no more than a long continued series of those exhausting prostrations, possibly accompanied by an extension of the arms, which were a distinctive feature of the asceticism of the period in nearly all cases of strenuous prayer. In two articles which appeared in these pages twelve months since much has already been said upon this subject,³ but fuller investigation has since led me to the conclusion that the practice was even more popular and more wide-spread than I then supposed. No doubt the use of the term "afflictions," both in Latin and French, has often helped to disguise the real nature of the form of austerity employed. It is noteworthy, for example, that in Father John Morris's revised and much enlarged second edition of *The Life of St. Thomas Becket* no hint is given, so far as I can perceive, that the Saint had ever adopted this practice of genuflexions, yet certainly Father Morris was not the man to suppress such a detail if he had noticed it. Moreover, it seems pretty clear that the holy martyr had grown familiar with this form of asceticism some time before his promotion to the episcopate. A story is told both in the *Quadriologus* and by the author of the Icelandic Saga, that the Saint in the days that he was

¹ Garnier, II, 3867—3868.

² Quant Roberz ert culchiez et deust reposer
Tantes afflictions, cedist, preneit li ber ;
Bien le tierz de la noit ne voleit il cesser ;
Dunc veneit a Robert, et si l'feseit lever,
Baillout li les curgés a lui discipliner.

(Garnier, *Vie de S. Thomas*, II, 3866—3870.)

³ "Genuflexions and Aves," in THE MONTH, May and June, 1916. To the instances of repeated genuflexions cited in these articles, especially on pp. 451 and 547, many others might be added. Here for example are a few. St. Poppo of Stavelot († 1040) in *AA.SS.* Jan. III. 263; St. Arnold of Mainz († 1160) in Jaffe, *Monumenta Moguntiana*, p. 609; St. Godric, hermit († 1170), in *Vita S. Godrici* (Surtees Soc.), p. 55; Raynier of St. Lawrence († 1182), in Migne, *P.L.* CCIV. 168; St. Baldwin of Bocla († 1200) in Sanderus, *Hagiologium Flandriæ*, p. 224; B. Dodo of Hascha († 1231) in *AA.SS.*, March III, 848; St. Hermann Joseph († 1241), in Lepage, *Bibliotheca*, II. 540.

Chancellor was suspected of carrying on an intrigue with a certain fair lady, Avice, of Stafford, in whose house he sometimes stayed. An ill-natured person determined to watch him, and after Thomas had ostensibly retired for the night crept up to his room. There, according to Professor Magnusson's translation of the Saga, he found only "before the bed a barefooted man, prostrate on the floor, upon whom after kneeling and praying sleep had fallen."¹ But this translation does not seem quite accurately to represent the original. The words are *eftir knéföll ok bæn*, i.e., after genuflexions (plural) and prayers, and this is borne out by the Latin of the *Quadriologus*, *post geniculaciones et orationes*,² i.e., after kneeling down and prayers. Let me also note, for a reason which will appear later, that this last authority describes the prostrate figure as not merely barefoot but barelegged, *pedesque et tibias discoopertum*. For anyone who will take the trouble to scrutinize carefully the records bearing on the ascetical practice of reiterated *veniæ* or prostrations, no doubt I think can remain that this was how the Chancellor had been engaged when sleep overpowered him.

Fortunately the life of St. Gilbert of Sempringham, who was born more than 20 years before St. Thomas and died 19 years after his martyrdom, supplies an excellent illustration of the prevalence of this form of austerity when Gilbert and Thomas were both young men. St. Gilbert at one period of his life, before he could be persuaded to be ordained priest, was attached to the household of Alexander Bishop of Lincoln (1123—1148). Here we are told that he devoted himself most earnestly to prayer, saving time for it from his other duties whenever he lawfully could, nor was it, says his biographer, merely a prayer of the lips, but he "manifested the interior desires of his heart by raising his mind heavenwards together with his hands and his eyes, by the beating of his breast and by the bending of his knees." To illustrate this practice the biographer goes on to relate two anecdotes of this period of the Saint's life. I give them in his own words:

On one occasion he invited a cleric, one of his fellow officials, to pray with him. This they did standing before the steps of the altar and reciting the psalms of David, but whenever the word *Lord* or *God* or anything of the sort occurred in the psalm,

¹ Magnusson, *Thomas Saga Erkebyskups* (Rolls Series), I. p. 55.

² Robertson, *Materials*, (Rolls Series), IV. p. 273.

Gilbert in repeating it bent his knees, prostrating himself upon the ground, and the cleric beside him was constrained to do the same. This continued so long that the companion was tired out and vowed that nothing would induce him to pray with him again.

On another occasion when a certain bishop, who was entertained for the night by his master, was lying awake in the episcopal chamber in which Gilbert himself also slept, the said bishop saw upon the wall opposite him on which the night-light shone the shadow of a man which the whole night long kept rising and falling by turns. Not knowing what it was, but thinking it to be some sort of a ghost, the visitor was considerably startled. However on investigating the matter more nearly he discovered the servant of God, standing before his bed and praying, while, as he further perceived, he kept constantly raising his hands to heaven and then in turn bending his knees to earth. In the morning the bishop, recounting his experience, humourously twitted his host with keeping a mountebank in his room who in the course of the night had caused him no little alarm.¹

The practice of these genuflexions St. Gilbert seems to have kept up until extreme old age, for we are told that shortly before his death in 1189 he used to evade the solicitude of his monks and steal out of bed in the middle of the night "in order that he might make such genuflexions as were possible at the foot of the pallet on which he slept."² It is also worth noticing that St. Thomas was in intimate relations with Sempringham and the Gilbertine monks. At the time of the great archbishop's flight from England after the Council of Northampton he was much assisted by the Gilbertines, and stayed in several of their houses. The two Saints must have been personally acquainted, and we have a few letters from the Martyr to the founder of Sempringham, in one of which he says incidentally that he preferred the Gilbertines to all other religious orders.

But it is perhaps from the *Miracles de Notre Dame*, by Gautier de Coincy, that we may derive the fullest knowledge of the attitude commonly adopted towards this particular practice of devotion. Gautier was a Benedictine monk of St. Médard, who died in 1236, and is believed to have written

¹ *Vita S. Gilberti* (from MS. Cotton Cleopatra, B, I) in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, 1846, Vol. VI. Part 2, Insertion, p. vi. There can be little doubt that the vogue of the delightful 12th century legend of "Our Lady's Tumbler" owed much to the familiarity of this practice of genuflexions.

² *Ibid.* p. xiv.

his Mary stories about 1222.¹ He has many references to the practice of prostrating or genuflecting when the *Ave* is said, and these marks of respect are known to him as *vaines* (*veniae*) or *afflictions*, but in one particular story he enlarges upon the subject and recommends to his readers the wonderful example of a certain Carthusian of whom he gives a full account. This good monk used to remain behind in the church both by night and in the day time, after the others had departed, "in order to make prostrations (*pour penre vaines*), to pray, to bow down and to adore before the statue of the Mother of God." He performed so many "afflictions" there in her honour upon his bare knees that often at the close he was drenched with perspiration.

Tant li faisoit d'afflictions
Devant l'ymage a nuz genoux
Qu' assez souvent tressuet touz.

A brother monk who had noted his absence from his cell determined one night to watch him and see what he did with himself. The holy man, believing himself alone in the church, made his way weeping towards a beautiful statue of our Lady, and there he took off his hose, leaving his knees bare. Afterwards he knelt down upon the ground so many times, making so many obeisances and bows that he must have performed fifty or a hundred "afflictions" without stopping, until he was in a bath of perspiration and the heavy drops ran off him.² Then the watcher perceived our Blessed Lady in the form of a beautiful maiden who came down from heaven and stood before her client and with her own hands wiped the sweat from his brow. Both before and after telling his story the good Benedictine rhymers expatiate at considerable length on the proper way of saying Hail Marys. They ought not, he declares, to be mumbled heedlessly. They are sweet

¹ Ward, *Romances*, II, 718.

² Devant une ymage moult bèle
Tout en plorant le vit aler,
Et puis ses chaues avaler.
Quan ses genouz a despoilliez,
Devant l'ymage agenouilliez
S'est a la terre tantes foiz
Et tant a fait enclins et ploiz,
Que touz tressue et touz dégoute
Afflictions en une route
Cinquante ou cent bien li voit prendre.

(Gautier de Coincy, *Miracles*, Ed. Poquet, p. 669, ll. 908—917.)

words which are meant to be savoured and relished. Some people gabble through ten *Aves* before they should have half completed the first. Upon my soul, says Gautier, I do not believe that such *Aves* are worth a strawberry stalk in the sight of our Blessed Lady who listens to them.¹ Also they should be said kneeling. "If we with gentle courage devoutly make afflictions and prostrations (*afflictions et vaines*) before her statue, idle thoughts will fly from us. When the body abases itself the spirit soars on high. When the body performs afflictions the soul is listened to before the throne of God."² It is a good thing, he goes on, when a man bends the knee and prostrates himself so much that he perspires all over. Such a bath is a bath of roses and violets and sweet perfumes, which cleanses away all the filth of sin. Finally he advises his friends not to be so tender about their knees. Let them make altars of them. When the body lets the knees grow chill, the soul is in a very greenhouse of warmth. Never mind whether this carcass of ours be hot or cold provided we secure the salvation of our souls.

Gautier seems to lay particular stress upon the knees being bare—the Carthusian monk, it will have been noticed, stripped off his hose before he set to work—partly, no doubt, on account of the mortification caused by contact with the cold, hard stone, but partly also, I fancy, on account of the increased agility which was practicable when the knees were unimpeded. A curious illustration of the latter aspect of these "afflictions" is afforded by the manuscript Life of St. Wulfric, an English hermit who died in 1154. We are there told that the cuirass of chain-mail with iron points which served him as armour in the service of his Divine Master pressed too heavily upon his knees and hampered him in the continuance of his genuflexions (*genuflexionum instantiam præpediret*). Accordingly he had recourse to a Knight who was his confidant in this form of penitential warfare, complaining to him that the cuirass was too long; and thereupon the Knight in some miraculous way cut off the superfluous length of the garment with a pair of scissors.³ For other Saints the multiplication of genuflexions was a recognized method of restor-

¹ *Ibid.* I. 749.

² II. 852—860.

³ "Lorica qua se armabat ad militandum Deo cum se genibus ejus durius illideret et genuflexionum instantiam præpediret, militem advocavit huius scilicet militie conscius atque ministrum, et apud eum de nimia longitudine lorice causatur." (MS. Cotton, *Faustina*, B. IV. fol. 69 vº.)

ing the circulation if they grew chilled. St. Stephen of Obazine, who died in 1159, is said, "when after prolonged prayer he was cramped with intolerable cold, to have risen up thereupon and to have continued genuflecting incessantly until his whole body was bathed in sweat. Then he threw off his cloak and repeated the same movements until at last wearied out with the exertion or overpowered with the length of his vigils he sank down exhausted or even fell asleep."¹ These exercises were undoubtedly in a true sense "afflictions" and I am tolerably certain, though unfortunately I have lost the reference, that I have seen the word *afflictiones* itself used also in Latin. That it occurred naturally in such a connection appears from the Flemish chronicler of the miracles of St. Donatian, who speaks of a patient healed at the shrine "afflicting himself in prayer with many prostrations (*venis*) which he could not have made unless he were restored to sound health."² What this incident seems specially to illustrate is the popular character of these "afflictions." They were not confined to ascetics by profession. The extracts at the beginning of this article describing the conspicuous piety of the Normans before Hastings clearly suggest this conclusion, though it is probable that under the word "affliction" should be included not merely reiterated genuflections and prostrations but also the praying with outstretched arms (*bras en croix*) and in other exhausting postures.³ The very fact that the same term is constantly used in connection with fervent prayer proves the familiarity of such exercises. For example, in the *Chanson de Roland* (eleventh century) we are told:

Ki par noz deus voelt avoir guarisun
Si's prit e servet par grant affliction.⁴

"He who wishes to obtain his cure from our Gods," a Saracen is supposed to be speaking, "prays to them and serves them by great affliction." Similarly Benoît de Sainte-More

¹ Baluze-Mansi, *Miscellanea*, I. 155.

² "In eodem loco multis venis, quas nisi sanus facere non potuisset, brevi spatio se in oratione afflixit." A.D. 1088, *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, Scriptores XIV. p. 182.

³ Those who are familiar with the account given in Mother Francis Raphael's *History of St. Dominic* (pp. 258-260), or in Balme and Lelaidier, *Cartulaire* (III. 276-287), will at once understand that the word "afflictions" would cover all the changes of posture described in the Saint's nine or fourteen different methods of prayer.

⁴ *Chanson de Roland*, ll. 3271, 3272.

in the next century writes—it is again not a question of Christian prayers—

Por ço qu'auras éu victoires
Graces en rent a Dé de Gloire,
Treiz feiz feras affliction.¹

"For that thou hast gained the victory, return thanks to the God of Glory; three times shalt thou make prostration (*affliction*) before Him." Similarly we are told in the Life of St. Gerard of Hungary, who lived in the eleventh century, that "by his ordinance the name of the Mother of Christ is not uttered among the Hungarian people; she is there ever spoken of as 'our Lady.' If, however, the name is pronounced they at once bow down on bended knees and with heads lowered to the ground."² Even in formal treatises of piety, such as the *De Oratione, Jejuniis et Eleemosynis* of the Cistercian monk Günther, written in 1210, we find recognition of this form of asceticism:

The programme of private devotions [he says] is that which a man determines for himself by his own free will, for example certain prayers or psalms, or litanies also, or genuflexions to be performed every day in accordance with his promise to God (*vel genuflexiones ex voto quotidie persolvendas*).³

On the other hand there were clearly some who did not think that any great spiritual profit was to be derived from the practice of reiterated genuflexions. Cæsarius, the Cistercian of Heisterbach, writing about 1222, gives a short biography of a monk of his Order, Walter de Birbech, who had died a few years before in the odour of sanctity. Of this venerable religious Cæsarius says:

He took more delight in holy meditations than in genuflexions, by which, as he considered, the spirit of contemplation is hindered. As I have said, he did not make many prostrations while praying (*non multas in oratione venias petivit*) but standing or kneeling erect he was accustomed to look straight up to heaven.⁴

It is equally clear that others carried out this practice of genuflexions with a certain extravagance. Cæsarius tells another story of a vision which had been vouchsafed a few

¹ *Roman de Troie* (Ed. Joly), ll. 1735—1737.

² "Ipsius arbitrio ab Hungarica generatione nomen Matris Christi non auditur; tantum Dominica resonat. Si vero auditur, statim flexis genibus et dimissis in terram capitibus se inclinant." *AA.SS.*, September, Vol. VI. p. 722.

³ Migne, *P.L.*, CCXII. 205.

⁴ Cæsarius, *Dialogus*, Bk. VII. ch. 38.

years before to a nun personally known to him, who was very devout to our Lady. On one occasion, in the excess of her fervour, she had injured her knee or the lower part of the leg. She had to go to the infirmary, and there when asleep about midday the Blessed Virgin appeared to her bearing a box of sweet ointment with which she rubbed the injured limb. The whole house was filled with the fragrance it exhaled, and the other Sisters found their way to the room, awakening the Sister to ascertain the cause. But she, though she was much consoled by this proof of the reality of her vision, said nothing and persuaded them once more to leave her. When she had again fallen asleep, our Lady appeared a second time, and as it seemed to her in her dream she led her into the orchard. There, to quote the words of the chronicler:

The Mother of God put her hand under the nun's chin and said to her: "Now fall upon your knees." When she had done so our Lady continued: "In future you must make your prostration (*veniam*) modestly and composedly," at the same time teaching her how. And she went on: "Every day you must say for me the sequence *Ave Dei Genitrix*, and make a prostration at each verse, for I take great delight in it." Then the nun awoke, and, to see if any change had resulted from the vision, she looked at her leg, which to her great astonishment she found completely healed.

THE NOVICE. So far as I can gather from this vision, the Blessed Virgin seems to dislike indiscreet fervour in prayer and violence in making genuflexions.

THE MONK. You are perfectly right.¹

In conclusion a few brief illustrations may be added of the continuance of this practice of afflictions at a later date, sometimes in conjunction with the recitation of *Aves*, sometimes independently. A remarkable instance is that of Blessed Dorothy, who was born about 1347 in Pomerania and died in 1394. Her biographer, a contemporary, tells us—

Even before she was seven years old she eagerly practised, as her mother taught her, certain prostrations (*venia*) in which she fell upon her knees and on her face with a great alertness both of body and spirit. In them she displayed such an agility of movement and she repeated them so many times that even in the bitter cold of the severest winter she grew so hot with the exertion that the perspiration poured down and bedewed her tender limbs.²

¹ Cæsarius, *Dialogus*, Bk. VII. ch. 48.

² *AA.SS.*, October, XIII. 505.

She also learnt at an early age to pray kneeling upright with her arms extended in the form of a cross. These austerities became still more excessive in later life.¹

Again we are told of Blessed Ida of Louvain († 1300) how "sometimes for days together she bent to earth each day no less than 1,100 times and repeated as often some form of prayer or else recited the same number of Hail Marys."² It is curious that St. Mary of Oignies also used to make genuflexions or prostrations 1,100 times in the day. Again, St. Clare of Montefalcone, about the year 1290, ordered her nuns to make 500 genuflexions in the evening and as many in the morning in honour of the Passion of our Lord.³ Finally, we have the remarkable case of the Dominican nun Benvenuta de Bojanis at Friuli. As a child (about 1268) she chose a spot in the garden whence she could see the church. There from the constant genuflexions performed daily at the cost of great effort (*ex frequenti genuflexione et ex multis veniis quas quotidie valde fatigabiles faciebat*) this spot of ground was beaten quite bare and hard like a path worn by the incessant passage of wayfarers. Somewhat later it became her practice on the feast of the Annunciation to say 3,000 Hail Marys, making at the same time 500 prostrations "very exhausting indeed."⁴ Owing to the violence with which these genuflexions were made many painful abscesses formed on her knees, which were in the end miraculously healed.

The point upon which I would specially lay stress is the fact that in these and many other examples which might be quoted it was the corporal "afflictions" and not the prayers recited which engaged the attention of the biographer. Such exercises were primarily practices of penance, and the accompanying formula, whether the *Ave* or any other, was in effect only subsidiary to this more obvious purpose. If anyone wishes to form an idea of the fatigue attending the afflictions here spoken of, he cannot do better than study the drawings attached to the little tract upon St. Dominic's fourteen methods of prayer, reproduced by Balme and Lelaidier (*Cartulaire*, III., 276).

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *AA.SS.*, p. 513.

² *Ibid.* April, II. 162.

³ *Ibid.* August, III. 682.

⁴ "Et quingentas faciebat venias profundas quam fatigabiles valde." (See *AA.SS.*, October, XIII. pp. 152-153.)

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

"DETESTABLE SAVAGERY."

IF any additional vindication were needed for those disciplinary enactments of the Catholic Church by which she has set her face so strongly against the practice of cremation, it would be supplied by the uncomfortable paragraphs with which the papers have lately been filled regarding the measures taken by the German Government for disposing of the bodies of the undistinguished rank and file slain in battle. We still venture to hope that the statements made may not be true. Certainly the mere existence of an institution known as a *Kadaververwertungs-anstalt* (which *The Times* translates a "Corpse-utilization establishment") does not sufficiently prove the charge. The word *Kadaver* seems commonly to be used in German as the equivalent of carcass rather than of corpse. It may no doubt serve to indicate the latter and it is the term which medical students employ to designate the human subject on the dissecting table. But such a condensed source of information as Herder's *Konversations Lexikon*, printed a dozen years ago, may probably be relied upon to give in its very brief definition the signification accepted by popular usage. Now all that this reliable work has to tell us on the subject is "KADAVER, DER (*Lat.*), verwesender Tierkörper"—i.e., the putrefying body of an animal. Obviously if it were simply a case of dead horses or mules, the desire of the German authorities to utilize valuable nitrogenous tissues not only running to waste but dangerous as a source of positive infection is blameless enough. Moreover, common sense might have suggested that such a secret as the infamous use made of the remains of the gallant dead would not be given away by a well-known correspondent in one of the most widely-read of German newspapers. The facsimile in *The Times* leaves matters exactly where they were. Still, there have long been very disquieting rumours on this head and if the rumours were true, it is quite certain that the hideous reality would be cloaked by some pretence

of a crematorium for destroying animal remains, such as the correspondent of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* smelt from afar. Meanwhile the other evidence remains for what it may be worth, and it does not seem altogether contemptible. Mere denials on the part of the German authorities will certainly not meet the case. The only satisfactory evidence would be evidence of the actual interment of the hundreds of thousands of unfortunate victims who have perished on the western front.

But, as we began by saying, the horror which has been evoked by these gruesome allegations—a horror shared by all nations alike, civilized and uncivilized—serves indirectly to justify the Church's attitude towards cremation. In the first place we cannot fail to draw the inference that sentiment and religious feeling still count for much in all that relates to the disposal of our dead, and secondly a glimpse is afforded of at least the possibility of abuses in the working of *crematoria* more shocking than any which can ever result from the practice of interment. If the Church for nearly 2,000 years has resolutely set her face against the burning of the dead, that attitude has been in a large measure dictated by a deep sense of reverence for the human body, the tabernacle of man's immortal soul. To the extraordinarily severe laws which under the later emperors enacted the death penalty against the violators of tombs, the Church on more than one occasion lent a qualified sanction.¹ Again, in the *Capitula de Partibus Saxoniarum*, passed by Charlemagne in 777, capital punishment was decreed against those who had the body of a dead man burnt and his bones reduced to dust in accordance with pagan usage.² Ecclesiastical authority associated itself with this by a decree of the Council of Paderborn in 785.³ But the most remarkable official utterance inculcating respect for the remains of the dead is a letter of Pope Boniface VIII. in 1298, afterwards incorporated as one of the "Extravagants" in the *Corpus Juris*. It begins with the words *Detestanda feritatis abusum*, and may be rather freely translated as follows:

There is a practice of detestable savagery, thoughtlessly adopted by certain Christians where this horrible custom prevails, which

¹ See e.g., the Second Council of Mâcon in 585, Cap. 17. Harduin, *Concilia*, III. 464.

² Pertz, M. G. H., *Leges*, V. 37.

³ See Hefele-Leclercq, III. p. 993.

We with the pious intention of preventing human bodies from being any longer mangled by a barbarous abuse, and of protecting the minds of the faithful from the offence of such outrages, have with sound reason determined to put down. The Christians referred to, persisting in the evil practice of this abominable custom, when anyone dies who is of noble birth or is vested with some high dignity, especially if he chance to pay the debt of nature outside his own province, after choice of a last resting-place in some remote spot either in their own or foreign territory, savagely disembowel the corpse out of a mistaken sense of piety, and cruelly severing the limbs or chopping them into pieces, subsequently immerse them in water and boil them over the fire, and when the bones have thus been divested of their wrappings of flesh, they send or convey them to the said distant places to be buried. Now this is not only in the highest degree abominable in the sight of His Divine Majesty, but even to the perceptions of thoughtful men its loathsomeness must be apparent. Wishing then, as the duty of Our office requires of Us, to apply a remedy in this matter, whereby so hateful and brutal and impious an abuse may be utterly extirpated and may be prevented from spreading further, We enact and ordain by Our Apostolic Authority that in future when anyone dies, whatever be his standing or birth or dignity, in cities, territories or places in which the observance of the Christian faith prevails, no such evil custom be observed regarding the disposal of his remains and that the hands of the faithful must not be defiled by such atrocities.

The Pontiff then goes on to direct that the bodies of the dead should be buried near the place of their demise, but if it be needful that they should find a final resting-place at a distance, that then they should be buried for a while in the neighbourhood and that afterwards when the flesh has fallen to dust the bones should be disinterred and transported to the sepulchre which has been chosen for them.¹ He also declares that executors and others who disregard this ordinance shall incur *ipso facto* a sentence of excommunication, absolution from which is reserved to the Roman Pontiff alone.²

There is no doubt a certain rhetorical excess of fervour in the wording of this decree, a defect from which few of the pronouncements of Boniface VIII. are altogether exempt; but the decree is evidently based upon a deep sense of the reverence due to the bodies of the dead, while its whole tenor

¹ This is in fact the practice commonly observed in the case of the Popes themselves.

² *Corpus Juris Canonici*, Extravagantes communes, cap. 1. Bk. III. tit. 6.

assumes that in these matters the sentiment of the generality of mankind is a sound guide of right conduct. If we may hazard a private opinion, we are strongly tempted to urge that this consideration is one upon which sufficient stress is not laid by our moralists. What is precisely the moral evil involved in cannibalism, in the rifling of tombs and the mutilation of corpses, or, to pass to another category of outrages, in the use of asphyxiating gasses as a weapon in warfare, in the bombing of open towns, and in the torpedoing of passenger steamers and hospital-ships? We would submit that the root of the mischief in all these matters is the brutalizing of man's moral nature, in the tendency which such action must inevitably have to degrade the moral standards all round and to drag the community down so many steps nearer to barbarism. It is the common teaching of theologians that man is not free to mutilate his own body, even though this should be done for the highest moral ends. Father Lehmkuhl, for instance, says: "On the same principle on which suicide is forbidden, the mutilation of man's body is also forbidden. Man, not being the lord and master of his own person, ought to preserve it in its integrity, and he is bound to keep himself with his limbs entire and in so far fit for the discharge of all the functions for which the Author of our nature has equipped man with organs and faculties." But if on these grounds a Christian be forbidden to maim himself physically, is it not equally wrong that he should maim himself morally by impairing those sensibilities which are partly implanted by God Himself, partly an inheritance acquired by the moral efforts of his ancestors? One cannot conceive that a man who apart from extreme necessity should resort to cannibalism, could do so without brutalizing himself, and, in so far as his example might influence others, without helping to brutalize his neighbours. It is curious that in current manuals of moral theology, cannibalism is classified as a sin of gluttony. But would this justify the student in the dissecting room who ate temperately of human flesh but who excused his strange selection of food solely on the ground of economy? Surely the sin lies in the savagery of it, in the outrageous disregard of a natural instinct, a disregard which cannot be persisted in without its exercising a brutalizing effect on man's moral nature. And the same, we venture to urge, is the surest ground upon which we can

consistently condemn deliberate cruelty to animals. Further does not a similar argument hold in the case of those innovations upon the hitherto received conventions of civilized warfare, the use of asphyxiating gasses, the bombarding of open towns, and the rest? Such acts not only provoke but by many are held to necessitate reprisals. The side which neglects to repay in the same coin puts itself, they contend, so notably at a disadvantage that the very principle of justice for which hostilities were undertaken is jeopardized by the risk of failure to their arms. Thus a distinct retrogression, a reversion to barbarism, takes place in the ethical standards of all human society. But the blame lies primarily with those who begin the process. It is they who truly may be said to maim the moral faculties, taken collectively, of a great part of mankind, and theirs is the sin of the "detestable savagery" which inevitably results.

H. T.

THE PILTDOWN SKULL AGAIN.

IN two articles published in these pages in November, 1913, and January, 1914, under the respective titles of "The Men of the Old Stone Age" and "The Missing Link," the prehistoric fragments found at Piltdown Common, which were then arousing much interest and were being claimed in some quarters as confirmatory of the theory of human evolution, were considered from the point of view of their value as evidence; and the conclusions drawn were (1) that in all probability Dr. Smith Woodward's estimate of the cranial capacity (1070 c. cm.) was too low, and (2) that the jaw-bone did not belong to the skull at all, but to a chimpanzee. The discussion of these remains still continues amongst scientists, and in consequence the original reconstruction of the skull as set up in a special case at South Kensington Museum has suffered rather badly.

The recent appearance of a further addition to the rapidly growing literature of palæanthropology in the shape of *Men of the Old Stone Age*, by Dr. H. F. Osborn, Professor of Zoology at Colombia University, U.S.A., and an eminent palæontologist, provides an opportunity of summarizing the present state of the question, as to the cranial capacity of the Piltdown skull. Dr. Osborn writes (p. 141):

The latest opinion of Smith Woodward is that the brain, while the most primitive which has been discovered, had a bulk of nearly 1300 c. cm., equalling that of the smaller human brains of to-day and surpassing that of the Australians, which rarely exceeds 1250 c. cm.

Further, with regard to the jaw-bone (p. 512):

Doubts which have been entertained from the first by many anatomists as to the association of the Piltdown jaw with the Piltdown skull appear to be entirely confirmed by the recent exhaustive comparative study made by Gerrit S. Miller, Jun., of the United States National Museum. He has shown that those portions of the Piltdown jaw preserved, including the upper eye-tooth or canine, are generally identical with those of an adult chimpanzee. This new species of chimpanzee, characteristic of the European Pleistocene, he has named *Pan vetus*. This conclusion, which has been accepted by several eminent comparative anatomists, has two very interesting results: first, it deprives the Piltdown specimen of its jaw, and compels us to refer the skull to the genus *Homo* rather than to the supposed more ancient genus *Eoanthropus*.

The second result, not relevant to our purpose, is to demonstrate the presence of anthropoid apes in Europe during the Glacial Epoch. For a full discussion of the Piltdown skull, the reader may refer to Dr. Osborn's book, p. 130 et seq. The only purpose of this brief note is to repeat, in the light of recent research, the conclusion of our previous articles, viz., that there is every reason to believe that the South Kensington reconstruction of the Piltdown fragments is erroneous, the jaw-bone having no connection with the skull, but belonging really to a chimpanzee, and the cranial capacity being at least as great as that of many modern men.

L. W.

TWO FURTHER LETTERS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IN the same bundle as the seventeen letters of Cardinal Newman to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which were printed in our last issue, that authoress preserved two others addressed to ladies, whose names and identity are now undiscoverable. These are printed here as a conclusion to the series, with which they have been so long and so appropriately connected.

I.

The first is of special interest in view of the modern vogue of spiritualism.

The Oratory. Augst. 3rd, 1869.

My dear Madam,—I think it plain that various facts, given in this volume you sent me, are simply unaccountable by any known physical causes, and must be attributed, as they are attributed in the narrative, to intelligent agents not in flesh and blood. Such agents claim them as their own work, and I do not know who there is to put in a rival claim.

I take the narrative as I find it and cannot help thus [judging] of it. And there is another impression I got from it as it stands, and am obliged to own it, viz., a very great desire to be at the greatest possible distance from the person in whom the whole narrative centred. This second impression would be quite enough to make me shy of the matters narrated,—quite apart from the question how I ought to feel as a Catholic towards them,—in consequence of the impression I have of their preternatural character. However to view them in that light.

Now first any intercourse with the world of spirits is to be regarded at first sight as suspicious even when the parties concerned in it are on the one side pious Catholics and on the other our Lady and the Saints. Confessors are accustomed to treat the report of such intercourse on the part of their Penitents with much severity, and to discourage belief in it, and even when they are proved to be not delusions, they are accounted visions not objective realities; as for instance cases of our Lord appearing in the Holy Eucharist or of our Lady and the Saints appearing to ship-wrecked persons or at deathbeds etc etc.

However there is one circumstance which would at once decide the question as to whence the startling acts came; and that is if they involved any contradiction of revealed doctrine according to the text, "Though we or an angel from Heaven preach to you any other doctrine than that which you have received *Anathema sit*." Nor would it avail to exempt the preternatural communications from this judgment though some of them were in their matter Christian and good; for we read of Satan being transformed into an angel of light, and the woman who was possessed with a spirit of python testified strongly in favor of the Apostles,

as the demons did to our Lord as the Son of God, and even Balaam preached the truth, yet dealt in magic and was in league with God's enemies. For all these reasons it is impossible not to regard these present manifestations with the greatest suspicion and fear. Then again it is remarkable how they resemble in their circumstances those manifestations of old which are known to have been from an evil source. The Witch of Endor was a medium, so was the pythoness. In this connexion the words of Scripture are very solemn.

"The soul that shall go aside after magicians and soothsayers and shall commit fornication with them, I will set my face against that soul and destroy it out of the midst of its people" Leviticus xx. 6.

There is such a thing as forbidden knowledge and I think it is generally understood that such was the subject of those books which belonged to those who practised curious arts and which their owners burnt on conversion.

I know with what religious motives you have been led to tolerate or to sanction the present manifestations, but on carefully considering the narrative you have put into my hands I do not see how I can speak well of them.

II.

Here again there is no clue to the identification of the person addressed. The subject of the letter, indeed, is applicable to persons almost beyond counting.

The Oratory, Birmingham. March, 1871.

My dear Madam,—I would gladly help you if I could do so—but alas, our sufferings in a change of religion are so personal, that who can help us but God! But be sure He will protect and bring you forward, as He has already; and I cannot be wrong in bidding you resign yourself to Him with all confidence being sure that He loves you, and is more tenderly considerate towards you than any one on earth.

For myself, I always feel it so unsatisfactory to attempt to give advice to those whom I do not know personally. There is such a chance of making mistakes. Though I myself do not believe in Anglican consecrations, yet it is no objection to becoming a Catholic, that one has belief in them.¹ The

¹ Had the Cardinal lived to witness the promulgation in 1896 of the Papal Bull *Apostolica Cura*, declaring the general nullity of Anglican Orders, he would doubtless have altered his wording accordingly.

Greek Church for certain has true Priests, but still it is the duty of members of it to unite themselves to Rome, which is the centre of unity, and to the Catholic Church, which is in communion with it. Schism is separation from the Catholic body, and is a sin, whether a Church has the priesthood in it or not. There is no doubt that at the very least the Church of England is in schism. I wish you would think this over. Do not distress yourself, as if God would be hard with you. The question is whether the Catholic Church is not *the* true fold of Christ, and the Ark of salvation—others, who are in good faith and ignorance though not in the Catholic Church, may be saved, but not *by virtue* of the religion to which they belong—not—for instance, *because* they belong to the Church of England. There is only one communion which has the promises. Think over this and write to me again, if you are so minded—and God bless you. Most truly yours, &c.

Postscript.—While introducing the first part of this collection of letters, we mentioned parenthetically that they had been transcribed to assist in preparing a volume of letters of Cardinal Newman, which Mr. Wilfrid Ward had in hand before his death. The concluding words were misleading. The letters had indeed been copied for Mr. Wilfrid Ward's volume of Newman Letters; but that proposed volume had been merged in the Appendices of Letters, which appeared with the Life.

J. H. P.

A QUESTION OF TERMINOLOGY.

THE *Church Times*, in its number for April 15th, has an article entitled "Anglican and Pananglican," in which it takes note of the custom both among Catholics and among Dissenters that has come into use of describing its communion as Anglican rather than as Protestant. It characterizes this custom as endurable, but criticizes it as devoid of any definite meaning. What teaching on any subject, it asks, is specifically connected in history with leaders of the English Church? But presently it acknowledges that any one can identify the concrete object for which the term stands. "An Anglican is a Christian openly and avowedly in communion with the episcopate of the *Ecclesia Anglicana*, with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and their

suffragans," and it admits that there is some convenience in this use of the term. "Since the bishops of the whole world, unhappily, are not all in communion with each other, it is convenient to have terms for designating the various groups into which they fall." The *Church Times* goes on to say that there are some inconveniences as well in the use of this designation. So there are from the Anglican point of view, and perhaps also from that of literary precision. But the general acceptance of the term as a designation for those in communion with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, or as we should prefer to put it with those who broke away from the communion of the Pope under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, testifies to its practical utility as a term which we can employ in our intercourse with one another without wounding the feelings of any one. We Catholics, for instance, when we employ it mean just this that those we refer to belong to that particular Church. In the predicates we apply to it according to the purpose we have in hand we may express our various opinions about it, whether favourable or unfavourable, but in designating the subject to which we refer these various predicates we like to have an expression which is as far as possible colourless, that being a necessity if our intercourse is not to be coloured by rudeness, as it would be in the eyes of our High Church friends if we called them Protestants. They likewise on their side may discern implications in the designation Anglican which they repudiate, but for them it is a convenience to have a neutral term for the subject of their affirmations, while feeling themselves free to express their full mind in regard to any implications they dislike or others which they cherish by the terms they predicate about this subject in their books and conversations.

But we wish to associate with these observations on the use of the term Anglican some of a similar character on the use of the term Roman Catholic. Many who are not of our communion are wont, none the less, to refer to us as "the Catholics." This is well and entirely justifiable, for its application to us as our historical name is established by the usage of centuries. Still, we cannot expect those outside our communion, who claim that they themselves are also Catholics though of a branch dis severed from ours, to concede to us the exclusive right to the designation. It would be suicidal

for them to do so. Here then again, if we are to hold intercourse and discussion with one another without rudeness and regrettable wounding of one another's feelings, the want is felt of a neutral term by which we may agree to designate our communion, reserving our liberty further to predicate concerning it on either side what seems to us necessary. In the past they used to call us Papists, or Romanists, selecting these designations just because they expected that we should resent them, as we did. But the designation Roman Catholic seems to have the neutrality of meaning that we desiderate as an instrument of amiable and cordial intercourse. Some Catholics, we are aware, resent it on the ground that it implies that there are two classes of Catholics, Roman Catholics and English Catholics. But though no doubt this is the sense which our Anglican friends when they use the term intend to attach to it, it is not a sense which it necessarily bears. It can mean Catholics who as such are Roman. Indeed in this sense it is used often by Catholics themselves and this because it has a very intelligible meaning as indicating in the most definite way where the four marks of the Church are to be found. Thus, the Larger Catechism of Pius X. says "The true Church is called Roman because the four marks of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity are found only in the Church which acknowledges as her Head the Bishop of Rome, the Successor of St. Peter." Let then the term be admissible among us as a term which is to this extent neutral that it is a designation by which all recognize that we and only we are indicated, and because it lends itself well to friendly intercourse between us and our neighbours, inasmuch as whilst both recognize that it appertains to us only, we can further accept it as bearing the meaning which the Catechism referred to has attached to it, whilst our Anglican friends are able to accept it because they see that they can take it in another sense which suits them. And of course we are both free, while using the term as neutral for the subject of our affirmations, to make what statements we like in the form of predicates concerning it, of course also we are free to continue as is our wont to call ourselves simply Catholics, in speech among ourselves as well as among those who are quite ready to use this description of us themselves, as the one which immemorial use has assigned to us.

We may usefully conclude this note by referring the reader to the late Cardinal Vaughan's Address at the Newcastle Conference of the Catholic Truth Society in September, 1901. In that Address he distinguishes as we have done between the two possible senses of the term "Roman Catholic," and concludes that we are entitled to accept and employ either the name Catholic or Roman Catholic as we please and the circumstances suggest.

S. F. S.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Rights of Minorities.

In any system of government which professes to interpret and follow the popular will there will necessarily be parties. Until all men think alike, they cannot will alike. Consequently, the popular will in practice will be that of the larger party, even though it be larger only by a single vote. But *ex hypothesi* government without the consent of the governed is not justified. What then are the rights of the minority? Are they to be coerced? If not, how is government to be carried on? Now, we Catholics, swamped by an overwhelming non-Catholic *entourage*, must beware lest in our desire for efficient government we assert too absolutely the right of the majority as such to have its way. If that were admitted indiscriminately, where would be our right to State-aid in our Catholic elementary schools? The immense Liberal majority of 1905 wanted what was called "non-sectarian education." The Catholic and Anglican minority had the right and the duty to resist this demand. Why? *Because the will of the minority in a democratic State cannot rightly be over-ruled, unless if carried out it would conflict with the common good.* If it is a fact that what the minority want is in harmony with, or, still more, promotes the welfare of the community, they are entitled to have their way. The Government which exists for the common good has no grounds on which to coerce them. Catholics and Anglicans know that dogmatic religion is the backbone of morality and therefore of real education: hence they are benefiting the State by insisting on its retention in their schools. If, on the other hand, a minority of Thugs or Mormons or Malthusians, or advocates of any anti-social practice claimed the right to propagate their pernicious doctrines, it would be the State's clear duty to suppress their activities. It would be interesting to apply this principle to certain political problems, but this is not the place for that.

The State
and
the Child.

The new Minister of Education has given a preliminary general sketch of his projects in that field, and has won a very favourable reception. The gist of his proposals is to make education a more prolonged process, and to pay a fairer wage to the teacher. Our war-time expenditure on mere destruction has disposed us to be generous towards the arts of peace; the necessity of building a better world on the ruins of the old is moreover widely felt; so that he will probably secure both these ends. The idea of a higher leaving age and compulsory continuation schools raises problems for Catholics which cannot be discussed in a note. Here it may only be said that we shall need to protest more and more against the Prussian notion that the child belongs primarily to the State, a notion which the need for efficiency has caused to spread widely. A popular writer, Mr. Harold Begbie, in the January *Hibbert Journal*, is deplorably under its domination. For him the State comes first in this matter. "What is it [he asks] that the State seeks to accomplish by training *its* children." And if the authors of the child's being should venture to assert a prior claim—"no parent," says Mr. Begbie, as roundly as any Prussian, "ought to be allowed to interfere with a system which is a State system of education." In other words, the parent has no rights, the child has no rights, and, finally, God has no rights in this regard, which the State cannot override. Mr. Begbie's fallacy lies in forgetting the transient probational character of this life and making good citizenship the highest ideal to be set before teacher and pupil. "Before his [the teacher's] eyes he should ever see the perfect Englishman and the perfect Englishwoman. He should never for one moment lose sight of this ideal." Needless to say this will never be the aim of the Christian teacher. He knows the good Christian will also be the good citizen, and that only the religious motive can be trusted universally and in the long run to produce that type. But the Christian is more than a citizen, and has duties and aspirations quite unconnected with the State. Mr. Begbie's narrowness of outlook leads him into the further fallacy of thinking that morality can be divorced from dogma. "[The State] does not need a dogmatic religion in its citizens. It needs morality, but it does not need a religion. It needs the spirit of Christianity but not its creed." As if the spirit of Christianity had nothing to do with its creed! As if it were all one whether Christ is God or not! As if the key-stone of all morality—the existence of God—were not itself a dogma! This is the mentality—incredibly shallow and seemingly impervious to logic—that the Christian educationist must be prepared to encounter in the coming reconstruction.

**The Fruits
of Undenominationalism.**

It is of course of little avail to point out to the hopelessly blind the consequences of "morality divorced from religion," which merely means law deprived of its sanction, prohibition without due penalty. Yet one would think that even a "simple Bible teaching" enthusiast could suspect some connection between the "hidden plague" and undenominational education, between the state of Waterloo Road and the lack of moral training. The health of the nation is being undermined, the conscience of the nation is outraged, by the increasing shamelessness of sexual vice. Yet the nation is simply reaping what it so carelessly sowed when, in pursuit of a foolish ideal of uniformity, it banished dogmatic religion from its schools. What chance have those children had who fling themselves at the soldiers? What chance have those soldiers had, many of them still mere lads, who seek the highest pleasure known to them in the "gross mud-honey of town"? Who has taught them to discipline their passions, to train their wills, to fill their minds with worthy ideals? Who has imbued them with the motives, both glorious and terrible, that religion reveals, and helped them to the graces, both healing and strengthening, that religion provides? The State has discarded the only means of subduing their animality and now is surprised that they behave like animals. Having done what in it lay to deprive its charges of all knowledge of revelation, it sends them out in millions to face the awful issues of death, lamentably unprepared to go to their account. This is the result of that accursed thing "undenomination education," education devitalized and degraded, an outrage upon the rights of the child and of its Maker. Rightly does the Archbishop of Liverpool, in his powerful pastoral¹ regarding the Ecclesiastical Education Fund, denounce the "failure of fragmentary Christianity," the "bankruptcy" of undenominationalism. Until that fatal policy is reversed, and the parent, whose rôle is assumed by the State in its own interests, can have his child educated in his own conscientious belief, all other reforms will fail to accomplish the true end of education.

**The Criminal
Law Amendment
Bill.**

Only two or three provisions emerge from the protracted debates on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill (which has not yet passed the Report stage), that the moralist can regard with complete satisfaction, and there are several which he must frankly denounce. The attempt to cleanse the streets from the scandal of young girls loitering about for no good purpose is commendable in view of the special circumstances created by the war, but it is an attempt which inevitably involves the risk of grave injustice.

¹ Issued March 4, 1917. See *Catholic Times*, March 9th

Intentions are a matter of inference, and loitering or wandering does not necessarily connote depraved designs. This clause, which was introduced by the Home Secretary at the last moment, will expose any young woman however respectable to a disgraceful charge before an ordinary magistrate on the testimony, second-hand perhaps, of a single policeman, with the prospect of two or three years' detention in a "Home" as the result of it. It seems impossible to administer such a provision fairly. The offence is too vague and the power conferred too unchecked. It can be abused in all sorts of ways, and is as likely to promote as to prevent immorality.

On the other hand, the raising of the age of consent to 16, together with the abolition of the plea of ignorance, is decidedly a step, though not a very long one, in the right direction, as also are the stronger provisions against indecent advertisements. But here again a loose morality is betrayed, for, whilst it becomes penal to advertize drugs, etc., in order to procure miscarriage, the Committee refused to add the words "to prevent conception," on the ground that the criminality of this act is disputable! As for the provisions against communicating disease, which form the main object of the Bill, it does not seem sufficiently recognized that they cannot be worked effectively without introducing one of the worst features of the C.D. Acts, and they seem not so much concerned with preventing vice as for making it safe. The advocacy of prophylactics for the sake of those who, with their eyes open and against the known law of God, put themselves in the way of contracting physical ills cannot commend itself to the Christian.

**What is
Class-Legislation.**

The injustice of class-legislation, properly so-called, is obvious. It is "acceptance of persons," a denial of the equality of all citizens before the law, an act of tyranny. Laws directed against religious beliefs and practices which are not anti-social, laws giving special privileges to the rich just because they are rich, laws which discriminate between the sexes on mere grounds of sex—these belong to that obnoxious category. The English Statute-book was once full of such laws and it is by no means yet clear of them. Moreover, no little vigilance is necessary to prevent further attempts to add to them. One of the most useful functions of the Press is to pillory such attempts and direct public indignation against them. But it is a function to be exercised carefully. Not every law that only affects a class is necessarily unjust. It may easily be that certain sections of the community develop criminal habits peculiar to themselves, not because of greater innate depravity but of different environment. Penalties against petty larceny fall, from the nature of the case,

upon the "have-nots" rather than on the "haves." If sumptuary legislation in the matter of attire were now to be passed, only women devotees of fashion would suffer. In so far as crime is the result of ungratified desire, those who do not already own the means of satisfying their desires are more liable to come under the law. No one can style the State-provision of elementary schools class-legislation, on the ground that it only touches the less well-to-do. Now, owing to the dechristianizing of the nation and the consequent weakening of the moral law acting through conscience, the State has constantly to teach and enforce essential morality by external penalties. The remedy is, not to blame the State for its interfering ways, but to try to restore conditions in which interference will not be necessary. A great many things must be tolerated because social conditions are abnormal which would be intolerable in a thoroughly Christian community. But with this proviso the tendency of bureaucracy to interfere unduly demands discriminating criticism if essential liberties are to be preserved.

**Compulsory
Notification of
Pregnancy.**

This inevitable and incessant opposition between State-efficiency and individual liberty is nowhere more clearly shown than in the sphere of public health. It is clear that the public authorities must do a great deal in this matter owing to the ignorance, carelessness and low standards of many of the citizens. The plagues that afflicted past centuries have been abolished by sanitation, and modern epidemics are kept within bounds by enforcing isolation and inoculation. The difficulty is to know where public interference with personal hygiene is to cease. Nothing, for instance, more concerns our future welfare as a State than the health of the infant in the earliest months of its existence. As a means of safe-guarding this, it is obvious that every mother and child should have adequate attendance before, during and after the birth. The "authorities" would like therefore to keep a register of expectant births—a register which would of course be of no use unless notification were compulsory and universal. But such notification will not be imposed upon the well-to-do who can be trusted to look after their infants, and is therefore strongly resented by the poorer classes as a piece of class-legislation. With this view those most concerned, the doctors and midwives, strongly concur, feeling that the confidence of their patients in them would be weakened or destroyed if they took on any official character, and hence the necessary care would be forgone more completely than it is at present. With the opinion of the experts one cannot but agree, whilst calling attention to the larger project, objectionable on the same grounds, of making all medical men officials of the State. The ultimate term of all this State-interference is Socialism and the destruction of individual liberty.

**Conscription
of Clergy in New
Zealand.**

But sometimes class-legislation is called for, not by the faults but by the special duties or conditions of various portions of the body politic. The laws regulating the franchise are cases in point: the incidence of the income-tax is determined by an arbitrary law: Catholic priests and Anglican clergymen are debarred from serving as Members of Parliament. The recent Universal Military Service law very properly does not touch the two latter classes, although circumstances are conceivable when they too might have to take up arms in defence of country. But normally St. Paul's rule holds—"Let no one fighting for God involve himself in secular affairs."¹ least of all in the desperately secular affair of war. The British Government in exempting the clergy has recognized that the moral welfare of the nation is no less important than the physical. It is rather distressing to find that the Government of New Zealand is not endowed with the like spiritual insight, but has shown symptoms of that continental-Freemason product, anti-clericalism. It appears that under that colony's conscription law, Catholic priests have been summoned to the colours. We believe that the question is not finally settled; the Archbishop of Wellington has exposed the bad faith of the authorities and made a vigorous and we trust effective protest.

**War on
the Wounded.**

When Germany uttered her threat to sink hospital ships within an arbitrarily defined zone, it was commonly regarded as a piece of bluff. Our ships went fearlessly to and fro on their work of mercy with all the distinguishing marks which, like the blood on the Egyptian lintels, should have saved them from the visitation of death. But on March 20th and again on March 30th two large vessels were sunk, and many wounded and even some nurses drowned. Thus Germany gave yet another proof of her adhesion to the Godless principle complacently voiced by her Chancellor—"Every means that is calculated to shorten the war is the humanest policy to follow." The British Government, weakly yielding, as we consider, to the clamour of journalists and politicians, had threatened "immediate reprisals" if the German plan were carried out, and an Allied air-squadron bombarded Freiburg on April 14th "with satisfactory results," *i.e.*, destroying property and killing a number of the inhabitants. What anyone could have foretold in dealing with a foe like the Prussian immediately followed. Far from being cowed by the air-raid the enemy, on April 17th, sank *two* British hospital ships, one of which contained 167 wounded German prisoners! Yet there are people who think that such ships would be safe if Germans were kept on board them. They little know their Prussian. The

¹ 2 Tim. ii. 4.

Admiralty at any rate in their report of the outrage confess their disillusionment. It has become plain "that any retaliatory measures open to a Government upholding the principles of humanity and justice would not prove a deterrent to Germany in the future." And the British seamen, so far from adopting the obvious retaliation of allowing the men, whom their own compatriots had sunk, to drown, rescued 152 of them, at the risk of their own lives from the treacherous craft in the neighbourhood. And that, we may safely say, our men will always do, however provoked.

**The True
Principle of
Reprisal.**

The Admiralty, from words they use in their report, still seem to think that reprisals may "pay" as punitive measures, however they fail as deterrents. It is worth while recalling

President Wilson's declaration of policy on this point. "We shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion, and ourselves observe with proud *punctilio* the principles of right and fair-play we profess to be fighting for." It is obvious that unless the principle of retaliation is kept within the bounds of "humanity and justice," it ceases to be moral. It is neither just nor humane to kill the innocent in order to punish the guilty; the proper vindication of these, as of so many other German crimes, must wait till their real authors are in our hands. German babies, at all events, cannot be held constructively guilty of the crimes of the High Command. What justice demands is that the enemy's leaders, however highly placed, should not be allowed to escape the penalties attached to murder and robbery practised on such a colossal scale. We can conceive nothing better calculated to restore respect for international justice and to destroy the plague of irresponsible government after the war, than their trial, conviction and execution. But once we embark on similar practices, under whatever provocation, we weaken our moral right to sit in judgment upon our barbarous foes. The sailors who saved their drowning prisoners at their own risk—these, and not *John Bull* or the *Saturday Review* and their staff of ethical experts—represent the spirit in which we fight. The Christian must be content to be handicapped as regards weapons and methods of fighting when pitted against the barbarian.

**The Handicap of
Morality.**

This principle has a wider application than the actual field of armed conflict. We have learnt something about German methods in commerce since the war began, but is unfair competition to be laid only to the German's charge? Are there not trades in which an honest man cannot prosper because of unscrupulous rivals? Honesty is the best policy undoubtedly, but not always if this world and material success alone are considered. And all through the history of Christianity, from the murder of its

Founder to the latest Mexican outrage, wickedness has triumphed over goodness because it can use weapons from which goodness is debarred. Carranza, Villa, and the other bandits who have terrorized Mexico for the past four or five years, have maintained themselves in power simply by murder and rapine. Leaderless and unorganized, the Mexican Christians are at their mercy. Yet even though the whole trouble might be ended by the assassination of those unspeakable scoundrels, no Christian could move a finger to procure it. If any man, therefore, or any nation chooses to live outside the moral law, those who acknowledge themselves bound by it, whether they be nations or individuals, cannot have peace till the outlaw is crushed, yet, fettered by that law, must fight him to that extent at a disadvantage.

What is an
Anglican?

A reader, writing from Rome, expostulates with us for speaking of Mr. John Kensit as a "fellow-Anglican" in relation to a certain well-known member of the Church of England.

Our correspondent gives no reference and we cannot trace the phrase, but no doubt we have used it and may use it again, for it expresses a very useful fact. We are told, however, we have made a mistake—"Mr. Kensit is nothing of the sort, but a violent enemy to the Church of England"—and we are admonished to correct our statement. We prefer to justify it, for it points a salutary moral. The whole force of Mr. Kensit's agitation against High Church practices lies in the fact of his membership of the Establishment. Thus he can complain to Anglican Bishops concerning them, whereas a Dissenter, having no *locus standi*, can properly have no grievance. It is because Mr. Kensit, assuming his sincerity, finds that the Anglican Church in which he believes is being stripped by the Ritualists of its distinctively Protestant characteristics and clothed to his thinking in a sort of mongrel Catholicism, that he is cut to the soul and raises his voice in protest. We cannot say that he is not justified in protesting. He wants the old English Protestantism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He wants to recall his erring brethren to the faith of their, more or less, immediate ancestors. He is doing in his unrefined way just what eminent dignitaries like the Dean of Durham or the Bishop of Manchester are also doing. If he is a "violent enemy" of the English Church, so are they: if they are genuine members of it, so is he. Our correspondent surely ignores the fact that the ample bosom of the Establishment enfolds many varieties of belief, from practical Unitarianism to all but practical Popery. It must retain them because it has got no machinery for casting them out. There is no prelate or synod in the whole Establishment which is competent to decide with authority whether Lord Halifax or John Kensit is the more representative Anglican. Can the Spirit of Truth abide in a Church which cannot teach?





**Religious
Reconstruction.**

It would be strange if, amid the changes portended as the result of the European cataclysm a new religion were not called for. Mr. Bottomley wants one, not being acquainted with that founded by Christ and finding the others not wholly satisfactory. Of course it must be without dogma: all these new religions are. Dogma implies an infallible authority, both to state and to interpret; it therefore implies a duty to believe; but your new-religionist wants to believe what he likes and to change his beliefs when he feels inclined. He has no conception of "the obedience of faith." A much clearer thinker than Mr. Bottomley, and one who, for an outsider, had no little insight into the Catholic system, once openly despaired of any unifying principle. "As long as men are born different [wrote Mr. Stead in 1893], with characters which are the net outcome of the influence of hundreds of generations, so long they will worship the Highest in different ways, so long they will formulate their conceptions of the Infinite in different fashion, and so long they will constitute their Church systems according to the prejudices, principles and necessities of their own elective affinities." Such views ignore the fact that God has revealed in the Catholic Church the one way in which He wishes to be worshipped, just as He did for the Jews in the Old Dispensation, and that He has given mankind a fixed standard by which to "formulate their conceptions of the Infinite." His Wisdom knew the difficulty and His Power provided the remedy, so that St. Paul marvelled at the unifying influence of the Faith in his generation, a marvel still perceptible to-day when millions of Catholics of every race, class and condition are as one in their belief, worship and moral standards. All these new Gospellers, with inconceivable insolence, first proclaim Christ's work a failure and then pretend to be able to improve on the system established by God Incarnate. We may hope that the "major et sanior" portion of the community will learn from the war, which has proved the inadequacy of every religious system not instituted by God, to return to that which alone can furnish both individuals and nations with clear moral guidance and strength to follow it.

**Cornering
a
Bigot.**

Mr. James Britten has done a useful service in sending to *The Tablet* (April 14th) a correspondence which he has had with a Protestant champion, Mr. Prebendary Fox. The latter in a public reported address, the accuracy of which report he does not venture to dispute, asserted that in the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius "there were some things so disgusting that they dare not translate them into the English language." On Mr. Britten's pointing out that the Exercises had been trans-

lated into English, and that in the very latest version, printed in parallel columns with the original, there was nothing which might not be read from the house-top, the Prebendary came closer to the subject and said that what he had in mind were "certain instructions in the 'Spiritual Exercises' of Loyola, referring to flagellation, amongst other things." Unfortunately, he could not lay hands upon the book "which gave [him] the original Latin." Thereupon, his patient correspondent pointed out for the second time that St. Ignatius wrote in Spanish, but he implied at the same time that he would be content with a reference to the Latin version, which, failing his own, the Prebendary could readily consult at the British Museum. Unfortunately, the latter's zeal for truth could not carry him so far. He had explained the matter to the best of his ability—which was doubtless quite true—and had "nothing to add." Mr. Britten, however, had something to add, very much to the point. "You do not seem to realize [he writes] the seriousness of the position to which you have apparently committed yourself. Indeed, it seems incredible that a man in your position should, on a public platform, bring a loathsome charge against what may be termed a Catholic classic, and, when challenged as to the authority for his statement, should fail to substantiate and fail to withdraw it."

Later, seeing the correspondence in print, the Prebendary still remained blind to the discredit he had brought upon himself. In the meantime, he had found the "Latin original" containing the passage which led to his remarks, and he finds "that it does not refer to flagellation (though this is mentioned elsewhere by Loyola, and I probably had it in my mind) but specifically to another subject." Does he thereupon withdraw his calumny? That is not the way of bigots of this type: they are loth to lay aside any controversial weapon however false and unworthy. This Protestant dignitary, then, forced into the corner by his straightforward correspondent, actually takes occasion to repeat his outrageous calumny, but in this underhand fashion (*italics ours*): "*So far as I can remember my actual words after twelve months, I see no reason to recall them, even though perhaps you may have imputed to them more than I meant.*"

In a final letter, Mr. Britten does not essay the clearly, hopeless task of teaching this curious controversialist what honour and decency demand, but leaves the public to form their own conclusions. And so may we, merely expressing our wonder that the Rev. Mr. Fox, a Prebendary of St. Paul's and a University man, not belonging, therefore, to the gutter-class of Protestant controversialists from whom one does not expect either truth or learning, should, in order to gratify his polemical prejudices, voluntarily take his place amongst them.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Messianic Prophecies, The Argument from [T. Labouré, O.M.I., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, April, 1917, p. 337].

Monopolist Prices, Morality of [J. Husslein, S.J., in *America*, April 7, 1917, p. 516].

Spiritualism, Dangers of [Fr. Hugh Pope, O.P., in *Universe* for April].

War, St. Augustine on [P. Guilloux in *Etudes*, April 5, 1917, p. 5].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Belgium Vindicated from German sources [A. H. Atteridge in *Month*, May, 1917, p. 425].

Christian Civilization, how broken up by Machiavelli, Luther, and Francis Bacon [M. I. X. Millar, S.J., in *America*, April 7, 1917, p. 620].

Education in France, Lack of Freedom of [F. Mourret in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, April 1, 1917, p. 33].

France: the recent anti-clerical military law [Yves de la Brière in *Etudes*, April 5, p. 94].

French Clergy to be forced into the firing-line [*Tablet*, Mar. 3, 1917, p. 271].

Jesuits, Wireless Stations of Spanish [*Tablet*, March 10, 1917, p. 316].

"Liberal" Catholicism in XIX. Century (concluded) [F. Mourret in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, March 1, 1917, p. 661].

Papal Neutrality, Mr. Wells on [J. W. Poynter in *Universe*, April 20, 1917, p. 5].

Pope, The: German complaints against his favouring the Allies [*Tablet*, March 10, 1917, p. 361].

Pope, The, and the Peace Congress [L. Glorieux in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Jan. 1, Feb. 1, March 1 and 15, 1917].

Protestantism: its failure at the Front [*Tablet*, April 14, 1917, p. 461].

South America, Protestant Slanders against refuted [by J. S. Jollain in *America*, March 17, 1917, p. 536]. Influence of Catholicism in Brazil [*The Queen's Work*, March, 1917, pp. 108, 116].

Wells, The "God" of Mr. [M. D'Arcy in *Month*, April, 1917, p. 304].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Autocracy, The Downfall of [J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, May, 1917, p. 385].

Drink Question, Catholic Apathy regarding [*C.B.N.*, April, 1907, p. 115].

Industrial Peace, Towards [H. Lucas, S.J., in *Tablet*, April 21, 1917, p. 492].

German violations of Law [Archbishop of Cambrai, quoted in *Tablet*, March 24, 1917, p. 365].

Mental-Defectives or Moral-Defectives—which are the greater danger?

[Prior M'Nabb in *Tablet*, March 3, 1917, p. 270].

Missions, The Present State of Foreign [Rev. T. Price in *Ecclesiastical Review*, April, 1917, p. 375].

Paul, St., and his Co-workers [L. E. Bellanti, S.J., in *Catholic World*, April, 1917, p. 77].

Prayer-Beads [H. Thurston in *Month*, April, 1917, p. 352].

Prehistoric Man, Evanescent Theories concerning [Prof. J. J. Walsh in *America*, March 3, 1917, p. 487].

Religious Education for Children [Archbishop of Liverpool quoted in *Tablet*, April 21, 1917, p. 513].

Russia and Western Catholicism [J. Rivière in *Revue du Clergé Français*, March 1, 1917, p. 385].

Scruples, Obsessions and Dreads [Prof. J. J. Walsh in *Ecclesiastical Review*, April, 1917, p. 360].

Socialism and the Servile State [H. Belloc in *Catholic World*, April, 1917, p. 14].

Superstition, Growth of, in War [A. H. Atteridge in *America*, Feb. 3, 1917, p. 392].

REVIEWS

1—CHURCH AND REFORM IN SCOTLAND¹

WE have already reviewed the previous volumes in which Mr. Mathieson has set forth so clearly the fortunes of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland from the commencement in 1560 to the French Revolution. He now describes to us with his well known lucidity and erudition the awakening which soon followed on that Revolution, the Evangelical revival, the trials incident to the long war, and various plans and measures of political and social reform. He brings his story down to the great climax, when the "Free Church" loosed itself from the Kirk of Scotland in 1843. The process of growth throughout this period is admirably elaborated. Mr. Mathieson's power of analysis is never at fault in laying bare the political, or it may be the literary, or social or religious action and interaction that lead up to new departures or formations or settlements. It is here that we see this thinker to greatest advantage. For it is not that he is merely skilful and erudite; he has also a philosophic judgment of no mean order, and can set forth the first principles of the various historic parties, so as to prepare the mind for the line of policy which each is destined to follow. That he is not infallible is occasionally shown by weak or erroneous phrases, as that on p. 325 about baptism. But such slips are very rare. The work is of high importance throughout.

2—THE HEBREW-CHRISTIAN MESSIAH²

DR. LUKYN WILLIAMS, who preached the Warburton Lectures for 1911—1914, and now publishes them in a separate form, defines their scope as "an attempt to understand the motives with which the author of the First Gospel

¹ *A History from 1797 to 1843.* By William L. Mathieson. Glasgow : Maclehose. Pp. xii. 378. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1916.

² *Or the Presentation of the Messiah to the Jews, in the Gospel according to St. Matthew.* By A. Lukyn Williams, D.D. With an Introductory Note by the Bishop of Ely. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Pp. xxii. 425. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1916.

composed his book, and to interpret his words in the sense in which he desired the contemporary believers of his own race to apprehend them." That no doubt makes a good subject for a book, and the Lecturer treats it with a good deal of erudition, such as was to be expected from a former Tyrwhitt Hebrew scholar. After two introductory sermons, one on the mysteries of the Holy Infancy, the other on the character of the various Jewish parties at the time of our Lord's ministry, he has sermons on the Messiah as a Healer of Disease, on the Messiah as a Teacher of unique originality, on His teaching concerning the obligation of the Jewish Law, and on the ethical doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount. Then follow sermons on His claim to be regarded as the Son of David, the Son of Man, and as the Son of God, and two others on the nature of His teaching concerning the near or remote date of His coming again in His Kingdom, and one on the character of His Redemption through the Cross. The final sermon is on Christ the Messiah as the Victor through His Resurrection.

Dr. Lukyn Williams aims at defending the orthodox doctrine of the Messiah, and writes in a Christian tone which differentiates him pleasingly from the tiresome theorists of the present day, whose aim seems ever to be to administer some distressing shock to devout holders of the Christian religion. Still, while this must be cordially acknowledged, we cannot regard him as a convincing reasoner. Throughout he seems to be overmastered by a certain timidity, which causes him after taking up sound positions to surrender them in effect when he comes to argue on their behalf, and this sometimes in regard to points which are of substantial importance, or even touch the very essence of the Christian claim. From the outset he places his thesis on a treacherous ground by accepting the theory of St. Mark and Q as the original documents out of which the First Gospel was constructed, and in consequence assigning as the date when it took its complete form the year 70 A.D., in other words, the date when the Jewish life as it had been at the time of our Lord's ministry had been entirely broken up by the destruction of Jerusalem and the flight of the small band of Hebrew Christians to Pella across the Jordan. But it is quite unintelligible how, if it were composed then by the evangelist whose name it bears, or even by another who was capable of being confused with him, it could be so entirely without

traces of the catastrophe that on this hypothesis had already befallen and was now so deeply distressing the readers to whom it was addressed. Indeed, the author betrays a consciousness of this incongruity by suggesting, in regard to the prediction of the coming disasters in the twenty-fourth chapter, that the destruction of Jerusalem as there described, being palpably written by one to whom it was an event belonging to the future and wrapped in consequence in a certain obscurity, must have been borrowed from St. Mark, who did write at an earlier date. This hypothesis, however, apart from the many exegetical difficulties which beset it, will fail to satisfy those who note the unity that pervades this chapter. In fact, the traditional account of the origin of the First Gospel, preserved to us by St. Jerome, which states that this First Gospel was written before the departure of the Apostles for their respective missions, is the only one that can be made to fit into the facts and texture of its narrative.

To take a still more important point which illustrates the feebleness of the Lecturer's treatment. The miracles of our Lord occupy a foremost place in St. Matthew's story of the activity of the Messiah, and, in the face of the inquiry made by St. John the Baptist through his disciples and the answer returned to them by our Lord, one would have thought it sufficiently clear that in the judgment of the evangelist they were wrought by Him as palpably Divine works, with the express object of convincing the Jewish people that God was with Him and the power of God was working through Him. It would indeed be too much to say that the miracles themselves, apart from His personal testimony to His Divinity in confirmation of which He did them, prove Him to be indubitably God, though the Lecturer fails to estimate adequately the difference between our Lord's mode of working miracles and that of His servants. St. Peter says to the lame man at the Temple Gate, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk"; whereas our Lord, speaking as the Master, says to the widow's son as he lay upon his bier, "Young man, I say to thee arise." Or if it is objected that this last incident is narrated by St. Luke, let the incident of Matt. ix. 7 be substituted. Yet the Lecturer is unmoved by all this, and merely infers that the miracles attested our Lord's Messiahship, because they were in fulfilment of the words of prophecy (Isai. xxxv. 5, 6). And then he goes on to refer these miracles not to the power of God which was at

our Lord's service, but to the perfection of His humanity as the Second Adam, and to infer that we may anticipate the same power as destined to attach to men generally when the development of our race has reached its climax. "The fact," he says, "that any or all of the powers possessed by our Lord Jesus Christ may ultimately be shown to belong to men generally does not detract from the superiority of Him who combined them all in His own person, and this centuries, or, it may be, millennia, before individuals shall have possessed more than fragments."

It is, we suppose, to contribute towards this view of the relation of miracles to unaided human power in its superior and therefore exceptional manifestations that the Lecturer in an Appendix gives a list of non-biblical miracles, including some that have been claimed by pagan writers for distinguished men of their own body, along with others that have been claimed by Christians for some of their Saints. But for none of these are sufficient details given to permit of a scientific examination, which indeed in regard to events of such far-back times is not easy to procure. But why is there the usual Protestant reticence as to the contemporary miracles for which an abundance of the necessary details can be supplied? In particular, why is there such reticence as to the miracles of Lourdes? Why, for instance, has the Lecturer failed to examine carefully books such as Dr. Grandmaison de Bruno's *Vingt Miracles de Lourdes*, a thoroughly scientific work?

3—THE MONKS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY¹

CANON PEARCE introduces us in very pleasant style to the gradual dawning in his own mind of an ambition to repeople the dormitories, the cloisters, the choir of Westminster Abbey with its ancient inhabitants, with the priests and monks who raised and preserved the mighty fane, and attended to its sacred rites for so many centuries back into the distant past. So from charter, roll and muniment (they are now fairly well arranged and partly indexed) he has picked out name after name, and attached to each such offices, such

¹ *The Monks of Westminster, being a register of the brethren of the Convent from the time of the Confessor to the dissolution, with lists of the obedientiaries.* By E. H. Pearce, Canon and Archdeacon of Westminster. Cambridge. Pp. x. 236. Price, 10s. net. 1916.

achievements as are respectively known to have been theirs. A full and illuminating introduction combines many of the conclusions which follow from the lists themselves. He indicates, for instance, how we may detect the date of a death, what conclusions we may draw about vocations and the like. But no attempt is made to write a history of the Abbey, though the work of the future historian is now very perceptibly lighter.

The work has been excellently done, the most obvious fault being the omission of the monks in Queen Mary's time, about whom however there is a somewhat meagre Appendix, according to which the compiler does not show even a bowing acquaintance with Dom Sigbert Buckley! Otherwise there is little to find fault with. More information should have been indicated about the suppression. A glance at the indices of *Letters and Papers Henry VIII.*, vols. xv. to xvii., &c., will show how much has been passed over even from this one source, but the compiler appears to limit his attention to the records preserved in the Abbey itself.

4—THE RESERVED SACRAMENT¹

THERE has been so much said lately about the claim on the part of the advanced section of Anglican churchmen to be allowed to reserve the sacrament in their churches, and about the attitude of their bishops towards the practice, that a suitable book on the subject has a very topical interest. More than one such book has quite recently appeared, and one of these is now before us for review. It is a nice little book, not too long and in no sense controversial, by one who has a recognized position as one of the scholarly members of the extreme party. In an introductory chapter the author sums up the events which have of late forced the subject on the attention of the country. Not only has the growing custom of giving Communion to the sick more systematically than was formerly the case caused the necessity of reservation for that object to be widely felt, but "side by side with this felt need in regard to Communion there has

¹ *Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice. The Reserved Sacrament.* By Dr. Darwell Stone, D.D. London: Robert Scott. Pp. vi. 143. Price 2s. 6d. net. 1917.

been a development in prayer. The reserved Sacrament hidden away in private oratories and sisterhood chapels for more than fifty years past, has been brought with a greater or less degree of prominence into parish churches. Quietly and steadily private and individual prayer before the Sacrament in church has become the custom of many. In some few places more public methods of devotion have been adopted." Multitudes of devout persons in fact have come to believe in the doctrine of the Sacramental Presence, and the same course has been followed instinctively by these as that which in the Western part of the Catholic Church, where devotion has always been free from the trammels that have attended the separation in the East, has led, through the intermediacy of practices for the facilitation of Holy Communion outside the churches, to visiting the reserved Sacrament likewise for the purpose of private prayer and adoration, together with other devotions akin to this; for if one believes that the Blessed Sacrament is the true Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, adoration of It is sure in time to grow up by the side of the practice of Communion.

Dr. Darwell Stone has five chapters, one on the Communion of the absent in the early centuries, one on the Communion of the sick in mediæval and modern times, and one on the use of the reserved Sacrament for other purposes than Communion; and these are followed by a final chapter on Doctrinal and Practical Considerations. In an Appendix the full original text is given of nearly all the passages from Fathers and other writers that have been referred to in the main body of the book. All is done very simply so that the book may appeal to those who would be frightened off by too great an apparatus of erudition, but a scholar's judgment pervades the whole.

We cannot but watch with sympathy the course of this movement by which our Anglican friends are being led to a fuller estimation of the devotional value of Eucharistic adoration. Some Catholics in this country would say indeed why sympathize with what is directed towards a false object? For our own part we prefer to direct our sympathies towards all that bears the marks of God's leading, and towards all whose motto, like Newman's, is, "I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me."

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

OF popular treatises on the subject we know of none to be more recommended than M. l'Abbé J. V. Bainvel's *La Devotion au Sacré-Cœur de Jésus : Doctrine, Histoire* (Beauchesne : 5 francs), now in its fourth edition, *revue et augmentée*. The author is a master of the literature connected with the devotion, as his detailed bibliographical notes show, and is thus able to define its nature and scope and trace its history with all requisite fullness and accuracy.

The great Dominican translation of the *Summa* (Washbourne : 6s. net), keeps on steadily. The last number to hand is the Fourth of the Third Part dealing with the Sacrament of Penance. St. Thomas did not live to treat it fully, but a Supplement, now regarded as an integral part of the *Summa*, was added by one of his intimate disciples, taken from St. Thomas' own notes on "The Sentences, IV." and developing the subject at much greater length.

Catechists will find much to help them in *The Love of God and The Love of the Neighbour* (Herder, 5s. net), by the Rev. J. V. Schubert, which is an exposition of the Decalogue in the light of these fundamental principles.

SCRIPTURE.

Two little books on Scripture, one on the Books of *Ezra and Nehemiah* (Cambridge, at the University Press : 1s. 6d. net), the other on *Isaiah : the Prophet and the Book* (Longmans : 1s. net) are sent us, the former edited by Dr. Crafer, D.D., Lecturer at Downing College, Cambridge ; the latter by Canon Nairne, of Chester. *Ezra and Nehemiah* belong to Dr. A. H. McNeil's Series of Books of the Revised Version for the use of Schools. *Isaiah* is a lecture given and published under the auspices of the Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity. The former, after some sections on introductory questions gives, in the usual fashion of school books, a continuous commentary on the text ; the latter consists of three lectures, one on *Isaiah of Jerusalem*, by which term the writer means the author of the first thirty-nine chapters, another on the *Great Unnamed*, by which he means the author of the remainder of the Book, and a third on the *Servant of the Lord*, that is on the person thus called in four passages of *Isaiah* which Canon Nairne regards as the four *Servant Songs*, and seems to detach from the rest of the Book. There are some good points in these two little books, but they are too deeply infected with the disintegrating influences of the rationalistic principles of criticism to attract the interest of ordinary Catholics, who cannot but ask what there is left of sacred and revealed teaching in books so lacerated and divested of prophetic meaning.

APOLOGETIC.

Religious beliefs which have no foundation in reason are apt to enjoy an unaccountable longevity. Such is the strange modern compound of hysteria and self-illusion called Christian Science, with its crowds of wealthy and weak-minded followers. It defies not only reason but also

experience, and so remains a melancholy example of the fate that overtakes the human mind when it quits the safe harbour of the Christian faith. The eminent Paulist writer, Fr. George M. Searle, has devoted a fairly long book to declaring **The Truth about Christian Science** (The Paulist Press : \$1.25) not, we may presume, with the hope of converting the mentally afflicted who have lapsed into that silly creed but to warn others, still sane, against its allurements. He shows in a series of trenchant chapters how thoroughly unChristian Mrs. Eddy's doctrine is and how far from scientific, and his book makes lively reading. But, as we have already implied, if ridicule and exposure could kill, Eddyism were dead long ago.

The Church and the world cannot ignore each other : the latter, some one has said, is a disease and the former is its remedy, so that there is necessarily some commotion when they meet. In a very succinct, very orderly, and very satisfactory little treatise—**L'Eglise** (Gabalda : 2 vols. 8.00 fr.) M. le Professeur A. D. Sertillanges, a name well known in these review-pages, shows why this is so, lucidly describing the nature and functions of this divine institution, and its effects upon human history and civilization.

M. Auguste Drive in **Dieu : la Leçon des Faits** (Beauchesne : 1.50 fr.) develops some of the ordinary but less tangible proofs of God's existence. The revelations brought to the soul by the certain approach of death is one of these, a revelation which fills the atheist with terror but consoles the believer. Others are conscience, rarely made altogether dumb, and the calm voice of unsophisticated reason. A valuable feature of the book is the collection of testimonies to its main argument drawn from the acts and avowals of free-thinkers.

HOMILETIC.

The Sunday Sermons of the Rev. K. Krogh-Tonning, translated from the German by A. M. Buchanan, M.A., and called **Catholic Christianity and the Modern World** (Herder : 5s. net), are simple unadorned explanations of the Gospel, not remarkable for originality of treatment, and all the more secure on that account from laxity of doctrine.

The Rev. C. J. Callan, O.P., has published a useful collection of **Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions** (Herder : 8s. 6d. net), taken, we learn, from the note-books of one who is a studious and careful preacher. The range of reading takes in, besides the usual sources of Scripture and the Fathers, many authors not familiar on this side of the Atlantic, but the preacher would have made his work more valuable by giving more detailed references. The quotations are scientifically classified and there is a copious Index.

DEVOTIONAL.

There is nothing but what is sound in doctrine and admirable in expression in the Rev. Jesse Brett's spiritual treatise, **The School of Divine Love** (Longmans : 3s. 6d. net), which is an application of "The Science of the Saints" to daily life. The author for the most part gives the Catholic tradition on the subject, as experienced by the Saints or formulated by saintly writers.

The best spirit of Anglicanism is also represented in **A Study of Intercession** (Longmans : 2s. 6d. net) by the Rev. David Jenks of the "Society of the Sacred Mission." The writer very properly emphasises two points—first

that successful prayer calls for constant and careful practice and that intercessory prayer is a fruitful means of self-sanctification.

Members of the Sodality B.V.M. will find in Father Charles Coppens' **A Brief Commentary on the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary** (Herder : 2s. net) all the explanation necessary to make the rich Scriptural imagery of that favourite devotion completely intelligible.

Father Joseph Rickaby vouches for the "refreshing originality" of the meditations for religious, entitled **Sponsa Christi** (Longmans : 2s. 6d. net), and written by Mother St. Paul. This, joined to the fact that they constantly aim at "a high standard," will make them very acceptable to the multitude of fervent souls who, inside the cloister or without, desire still greater knowledge and love of God. All souls are in their degree called to be Spouses of Christ : there is only one perfection but a multitude of ways of reaching it.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of St. Bernard (Sands : 3s. 6d. n.), the latest addition to the 'Notre Dame' Series of Saints' Lives, is a useful reminder to a self-indulgent age that even in peace time there is scope for heroic sacrifice. The founder of the Cistercians captured and confined in useful channels that impulse of self-immolation which springs from a keen sense of God's goodness or of one's own nothingness. His spirit is excellently exhibited in this record of his career and times.

The History of St. Norbert (Herder : 7s. 6d. net), by Rev. C. J. Kirkfleet, O.Praem., is a scholarly account of a contemporary and friend of St. Bernard, the great Archbishop of Magdeburg and founder of the White Canons. The book is an excellent specimen of research, well-documented and illustrated, and should do much to bring back the memory and fame of the great Order, so nearly annihilated at the French Revolution. The author promises a second volume which shall describe the fortunes of the Norbertines, the eighth Centenary of whose foundation will be celebrated in 1920.

For use in American schools Fr. J. McSorley, C.S.P., has translated and adapted, cut down and supplemented Wedewer's historical work, under the title **A Short History of the Catholic Church** (Herder : 4s. 6d. net). It presents in a very condensed but readable form a vast store-house of facts, clearly arranged and divided into numbered paragraphs. Teachers will find it most useful, but would find it more so, if bibliographies suggesting more detailed reading had been provided at the end of each section, and if the Index had been more detailed.

The venerable Archbishop of Dublin has re-issued under the title **O'Connell, Archbishop Murray and the Court of Charitable Bequests** (Browne and Nolan : 2s. net), in book form, amplified and furnished with all necessary documentation, two articles of his which appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* in 1895. The sub-title describes the subject of the book as "an all but forgotten incident in the Ecclesiastical History of Dublin in the 19th Century," and the purpose of his Grace in reviving the memory of it in this scholarly volume is to vindicate the memory of Dr. Murray from the reckless charges brought against his conduct in a certain matter of practical politics by the great O'Connell. We need not follow the dispute in detail ; perhaps our judgment of O'Connell's action might be mitigated by a fuller allowance for the polemical spirit of his time

and the known character of the then English Government. He may at any rate have felt himself safe with the support of the great Archbishop of Tuam. However, whatever injustice has been done to his predecessor in the see has here been vindicated by Archbishop Walsh with great thoroughness and success.

The great variety of scene and condition, combined with an underlying unity of function, is illustrated in **The Congregation of Jesus and Mary: Cameos from its History** (Burns and Oates: 2s. 6d. net), dealing with one of those wide-spread teaching congregations of which the Church, ploughed and harrowed for God's sowing by the French Revolution, has shown so abundant a crop. The different episodes chronicled here indicate the workings of God's Providence, so plain after the event, so obscure during the process, and pleasingly indicate the birth and progress of the Institution during the past century. An interesting Foreword by Fr. Sydney Smith aids the reader in seeing the connection of the various parts and in drawing the moral from the whole recital.

Very vivid and inspiring are the "impressions" which Father Martindale sets out to convey in his new volume of the "In God's Army" series. He had already published two, Vol. I. *Christ's Cadets*, and Vol. III. *Commanders in Chief*. Now, Vol. II. appears entitled **Captains of Christ** (Washbourne: 1s. 6d. net), and devoted to the careers and personalities of three Jesuit Saints—St. Francis Borgia, St. John Francis Regis, and St. Peter Claver. The object of these studies is to get at the real man behind the veils drawn by lapse of time and change of condition, yes, and by the unhistorical treatment often accorded to them by pious but uncritical biographers. Unconventional in manner, arresting in phrase, penetrative in psychological insight, these sketches do wonderfully succeed in making their subjects live again and in illustrating what is so often overlooked by hagiographers, the true character of sanctity as a development, an expansion, an elaboration, as well as a transformation, of what is merely natural. We are grateful for this stimulating little series, and we would remind its author that practically all the ranks of Heaven's heroes are open to this new and fascinating style of portraiture. Some day, we trust, Father Martindale will give us his "impressions" of St. Teresa, say, or St. Francis of Assisi.

WAR BOOKS.

Mr. K. G. Ossiannilsson's little book, **Who is Right in the World-War?** (Fisher Unwin: 2s. 6d. net), translated by Mr. W. J. Harvey, will surprise many who have not realized that, not alone amongst the "little neutrals," Sweden is bitterly hostile to the cause of the Allies. That those small nations bordering on Germany should not be alive to the danger of German aggression points to a degree of German "permeation" which is almost incredible. Mr. Ossiannilsson in a series of rapidly sketched chapters presents the case for the Allies, collectively and severally, and does what he can to enlighten his countrymen. That he should deplore and try to belittle the revival of religion in France is a sign that he himself is in some need of enlightenment, but, for all that, his polemic is vigorous and well sustained, and, helped by the eloquence of events, may persuade Sweden that justice and self-interest combine to urge her to support the Allies.

Mr. John H. Harris, who has prolonged first-hand acquaintance with many parts of Africa, has written a very useful book on **Germany's Lost Colonial Empire: the Elements of Reconstruction** (Simpkin, Marshall and

Co.: 1s. net). The details of the almost forgotten episodes early in the war by which territory five times the size of Germany was wrested with comparative ease from her grasp, are vividly sketched. The incapacity of the Prussian, whether congenital or acquired, for humane government of subject races is abundantly illustrated, and one feels that the struggle against barbarism has already borne fruit in the liberation of such large tracts of the world's surface from a brutal yoke. Mr. Harris' plans for reconstruction involve a complete reversal of German policy and necessitate the permanent exclusion of German rule from the populations so cruelly exploited.

Whatever be the particular designs of Providence in permitting the European war, there can be no doubt that it is a call to nations as well as to individuals, to cease to do evil and to learn to do well. Mgr. Gouraud, Bishop of Vannes, points out in *Dieu attend : leçons de guerre* (Beauchesne : 2.00 fr.) the particular spiritual advantages which it befits Frenchmen to gather from the visitation. That is his function as pastor, and admirably has he fulfilled it in this grave and thoughtful volume.

Pensées Chrétiennes sur la guerre (Beauchesne : 1.00 fr.) by Père Jules Lebreton, essays the same task in a more restricted field, pointing out the harmony between patriotism and Christianity and the lasting expiatory value of much of what seems useless sacrifice.

The perennial difficulty of the mystery of seemingly undeserved suffering, which troubled the Patriarch Job, and which, in spite of the Redemption, still troubles afflicted Christians, is explained in Père Eymieu's *En Face de la Douleur* (Beauchesne : 1.00 fr.) wherein the ways of God are ably justified to men.

In a short notice of a useful little book bearing on the matter of youthful delinquency called *The Child and the War* (King and Son: 1s. net) we remarked last month that the remedies suggested were merely palliative, not affecting the source of the evil—the untrained will. As a matter of fact we had overlooked the final recommendations, which are wholly devoted to the moral side. Thus, we are glad to testify, the author, Mr. Cecil Leeson, is thoroughly in accord with all Christian psychologists in upholding the necessity of moral and religious education, especially for elementary-school children whose circumstances are so perilous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A handsome little book, *The Honan-Hostel Chapel*, gives the *raison d'être* of the chapel attached to the hostel built for Catholic students at University College, Cork. Sir John O'Connell, the architect, discusses at length, and without affecting professional language, the principles and details of his work. His readers, we are sure, will readily approve of them and admire them with but few reserves. Hardly any one will fail to appreciate at once the religious tone throughout all these plans, full of imagination, of strength, of love, of beauty; and there can be no question that, as the St. Stephen's Green chapel, and the Westminster Cathedral (to mention them in order of time) have proved, the style (Byzantine, or Irish Byzantine) is one which soon becomes enduringly popular. Of course there are defects. The altar-card designs for instance are very crude, though this impression perhaps may be due to bad photography. Again, while the general view is well balanced and satisfactory, the front elevation shows

a very feeble sky-line, both coping and finals being weak and trivial ; yet these are only trifling defects, where so much is excellent.

We do not complain that Mr. Kenneth Richmond in writing on **Permanent Values in Education** (Constable : 2s. 6d. net), a series of sketches of ideas which, in the varied evolution of educational principle and method, have stood the test of time, should have omitted all mention of the ideals of the Catholic Church and the influence which her great teaching Orders, both male and female, have had in developing educational systems of every kind. He, presumably, knows little or nothing about these things, and, more prudent than some authors, regards that ignorance as a bar to discussing them. But the fact demands mention because it shows the limitations of his work, which, all the same, in spite of the haziness induced by non-Catholic philosophy—the author, for instance, (p. 128) shrinks from being “uncomfortably near” the question—What is Truth?—shows a high conception of the teacher's office and aim.

Of more “permanent value” than the above as regards the philosophy of Education is the Rev. Doctor Francis de Hoevre's comparative study, —**German and English Education** (Constable : 2s. 6d. net). The author contrasts the narrowness and racial arrogance of the German ideal of Kultur with the liberal, if somewhat vague, ideals that influence English education at its best. He is alive to the excellence of the former method as a means to an end : it is the end, the evil, aggressive, false, anti-humanitarian, exaggeration of German superiority that infects the means with its own depravity. Germany has concentrated on mind-development in the interests not of mankind but of the German State. In England the whole man is educated, and not kultur but civilization is the aim. Dr. de Hoevre carefully discriminates between what is good and what is evil in kultur, and we are glad to see that he points out the growing influence over the German mind of the kultur taught by Dr. F. W. Foerster, of Munich, which is nothing if not moral. He finally points out how English education may be benefited by the adoption of certain German methods (not principles), which would strengthen its weak points.

Again the excellence of the *Dublin Review* compels us to break our rule, necessitated by want of space, of not reviewing periodicals. The April issue begins and ends with an article by a Cardinal ! Cardinal Gibbons, the last living member of the Vatican Council, writes only too briefly of “My Memories,” whilst His Eminence of Westminster pays a noble tribute to the late Duke of Norfolk. Of the intervening articles two are of commanding ability and insight—“The Sanctions of Peace” by Canon William Barry, a searching and luminous discussion of what is vain and what is sound in the prospect of future peace, and “The Celt, the Saxon, and the New Scene” a brilliant historical analysis, by Mr. Shane Leslie, of the now world-wide Irish Problem, which should convince even the most politically-bigoted of the necessity of its solution, both for the welfare of the Empire and the peace of the world.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

That entertaining writer, Mr. E. V. Lucas, has turned his practised pen to good account in describing the work of the British Red Cross units on the Italian front. **Outposts of Mercy** (Methuen : 1s. net) is the aptly-significant title of his book. The character of the good work done and the often perilous conditions which attended its performance, are graphically pictured by the author.

Recent C.T.S. penny publications include a treatise, historical, dogmatic, and apologetic, on **Confession**, by Canon Shine, a very useful antidote to prejudice if honestly taken; an account of **The Ursulines**, one of the oldest and most wide-spread of the Church's teaching Orders, and two little devotional books, **His Greetings: Simple Meditations for Easter-tide**, by Mother St. Paul, and **God's Will and Suffering**, by Dom Roger Hudleston, O.S.B.

Nos. 5, 6, 7 of Vol. XV. of that excellent fortnightly publication **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 cents each) comprise a Pastoral on the "Duties of Catholics," a sketch of "Study Centres for Work-Folk," an account of the recent conversion of the Editor of the *American Catholic* (an Episcopal paper, one gathers), a forceful exposure of the bigotry of the Governor of Florida, and a statement of the attitude of the Church towards that eccentric evangelist, quaintly styled Billy Sunday.

Garcia Moreno's Death: a tragedy in 5 Acts, comes from the Mission Press, Techny, Ill. and is adapted (from what original is not said) by Rev. F. M. Lynk, S.V.D. Moreno's assassination was indeed a tragedy, and his character and the main incidents of his life are faithfully described here, but we cannot but feel that the play is too long and overcrowded with incident.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

The Catholic Mind. Vol. XV., Nos. 5, 6, and 7.

FROM THE AUTHOR.

La Question bilingue au Canada. By A. Dugré, S.J. Pp. 38.

BURNS & OATES, London.

Cameos from the History of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary. Pp. xix. 140. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Several Penny Pamphlets.

FISHER UNWIN, London.

Who is Right in the World War? By K. G. Ossianilsson. Translated by W. F. Harvey. Pp. 95. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

The Manual of the Children of Mary. Pp. xii. 424. Price, 1s. 6d. *Life of St. Adamnan*. By Rev. E. Canon Maguire. Pp. 128. Price, 3s.

HERALD PRINTING OFFICE, Malta.

Knights Hospitallers of the Venerable Tongue of England in Malta. By Canon Mgr. A. Mifsud. Pp. 344. Price, 10s.

LIGUE PATRIOTIQUE DES INTERETS CANADIENS, Rimouski.

Halte-la! "Patriots." By Jean Vindex. Pp. 213. Price, 50 sous.

LONGMANS, London.

Beauty for Ashes. By Sister Emilia, C.S.M.V. Pp. 48. Price, 8d. net.

METHUEN & CO., London.

The Vision Splendid. By John Oxenham. Pp. 96. Price, 1s. net. *Outposts of Mercy*. By E. V. Lucas. Pp. 60. Price, 1s. net.

MISSION PRESS, Techny.

Garcia Moreno's Death. Adapted by J. M. Lynk, S.V.D. Pp. 78. Price, 25 c.

S.P.C.K., London.

The Catechetical Oration of St. Gregory of Nyssa. By Ven. J. H. Srawley, D.D. Pp. 123. Price 2s. net.

STOCKWELL, London.

Some Aspects of Men and Things. By C. C. H. Williamson. Pp. 213. Price, 3s. net.

TÉQUI, Paris.

Letters de S. Bernard. Arranged by R. P. Melot, O.P. 3e édit. Pp. vi. 273. Price, 1.00 fr. *Retraite de Jeunes Filles*. By Abbé J. Millot. Pp. 296. Price, 3.00 fr. *Les Briseurs de Blocs*. By M. Gaudin de Villaine. Pp. 49. Price, 50 c. *Réfutations décisives des treiz Rumeurs Infâmes sur le Clergé Français*. By E. Poulain. Pp. 118. Price, 1.00 fr. *La Germaine de Tacite*. Translated by H. M. Gailhac. Pp. 118. Price, 1.00 fr.

